

Final Draft  
Month/Day/Year

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Registered:####

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 1

CLOSE ON AN EYE - BLACK AND WHITE

The eyelid opens as someone gasps. It looks up, then down, then left and right. A glowing square reflects in the iris.

A BEARDED MAN, the owner of the eye, sits up. His haircut and clothing place him around the year 1890. He looks at his surroundings with bewilderment and trepidation.

He has been sleeping on the floor of a CUBE-SHAPED ROOM. There are SQUARE DOORS in the center of each wall, the floor and ceiling. The room is made of rusty, oil-stained metal, like an interior chamber of a 19th century factory.

There is the persistent sound of grinding gears and humming machines beyond the walls. The man stands and approaches...

THE WEST DOOR

It has a square-shaped handle that turns like the valve of a porthole. He opens the door, revealing another empty cube-shaped room, EXACTLY LIKE THE ROOM HE IS IN, with doors on the walls, ceiling and floor.

As he climbs through the portal, the door behind him closes automatically.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 2

THE SOUTH DOOR, NORTH DOOR, FLOOR DOOR - QUICK CUTS

The man opens each of the doors one after the other. Beyond each he finds identical cube-shaped rooms. He does not enter.

Instead, he turns back to the door he came through. As the door swings open, there are a surprising series of WHIRS AND CLINKS, like the churning of some industrial MUSIC BOX.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 1

As the man climbs back into the original room, the strange rhythmic INDUSTRIAL SOUND continues.

As he listens something strange happens. The lines of the walls seem to BEND AND WARP. It's as if the metal panels were made out of rubber.

He shakes his head, looks again, and the walls snap back to normal. He rubs his eyes and takes a deep breath.

But as the SOUND OF THE MACHINES kicks in again, a nearby metal ladder bends and twists like a piece of spaghetti.

The man shakes his head and rubs his eyes, but this time his view remains warped. He reaches out to the bending rungs.

As he touches the ladder, his fingers and wrist bend and warp along with the space around the ladder. He pulls his hand away and his fingers seem to snap back to normal.

He reaches again to the ladder and gasps as his whole arm bends as if it were made from plasticine. He pulls his arm away but this time IT REMAINS BENT.

The man screams and falls to the ground, his arm gruesomely twisted in the shape of a corkscrew.

Around him the lines of the floor bend and warp. His leg bends. His torso twists. His face becomes warped and long.

He SCREAMS and HOWLS in agony.

ROLL CREDITS: CUBE [Squared] - Hypercube

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 2 - FULL COLOR

**MARTY SEER** sits up as if awakened from a disturbing dream.

He is a handsome, African-American man with dreadlocks and a penetrating gaze. He is dressed in contemporary blue jeans, T-shirt and boots, all stained with colorful oil paint.

Around him are the rusty walls of the cube-shaped room. He looks at his surroundings with groggy curiosity.

Marty turns the latch of the WEST DOOR and climbs through.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 1

Marty climbs down the ladder and finds a disturbing sight.

A SKELETON, over a hundred years old, lies on the floor, the bones of the arm wrenched in the shape of a corkscrew. Its leg is bent like spaghetti. The skull is twisted like rubber.

Marty cautiously reaches down and knocks on the arm bone. It's hard as stone.

Suddenly, with a clink and whir, the NORTH DOOR OPENS. A tall, bony man with the manner and disposition of a ferret, pokes his head through the portal. He is **JOSH FINKLESTEIN**.

JOSH

Finally somebody else wakes up...

Josh hops down, and with a jagged little bolt, he scratches a number into the rusty wall: 1. He is wearing a white button down shirt, khakis and old sneakers.

MARTY  
Where am I?

JOSH  
Good question. I've been trying to figure that out for the last hour.  
(indicating the skeleton)  
Weird, huh?

Marty nods. Josh crosses to the South door, Marty follows.

MARTY  
Where are you going?

JOSH  
Well, my idea was to go in a straight line until I got to an exit.

The two men climb through the portal and enter...

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 4

It is another identical cube-shaped room, but this one has scattered bits of metal, bolts and rusty gears the size of frisbees, all littering the floor.

There is an ENORMOUS man, in oily grey coveralls, asleep in the far corner.

JOSH  
I've tried every direction. Due north. Due east. West. And south.

Josh scratches another number in the wall: 4. Marty shakes the sleeping man, but he does not wake up.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
But no matter which direction I go in, it's always the same.

Josh crosses to the South door.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 8

The two men enter the EMPTY cube-shaped room, Josh is moving very quickly. Marty must jog to keep up.

In the corner of the room sleeps a dark haired woman in a long red evening gown. Marty stops and rolls the woman over to try to wake her. She moans softly but remains asleep.

MARTY

How many rooms are in this place?

Marty stares for a moment at the woman's face. She is Asian, and astoundingly beautiful. Around her neck is a necklace with diamond encrusted letters spelling out: LILY

JOSH

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Marty notices that the number "8" has already been scratched into the wall. They cross the room to the far door.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 5

They enter another room. Another groggy woman sits up and looks at them blankly. Her features are bony and sharp, but she is still half asleep.

JOSH

Yep. Everybody's finally waking up.

Josh charges through the room to the opposite door, Marty trails after him, trying to keep up.

MARTY

How many people are in here?

JOSH

Eight. Counting you and me...

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 1

Josh hops through the door. With a little smirk, he points to the TWISTED SKELETON lying on the floor.

JOSH

... but not counting Gumby here.

MARTY

Is that the same one?

JOSH

Same one. I woke up next to it.  
Fucking freaked me out.

MARTY  
(disoriented)  
Did we go in a circle?

JOSH  
No we went in a straight line.

He circles the number "1" that he had scratched on the wall a minute earlier.

JOSH (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
There are only eight rooms. No  
matter which direction you go, no  
matter which door you go through,  
the same eight rooms.  
(beat)  
Do you not get how bizarre that is?

Marty thinks hard but still doesn't get it.

JOSH (cont'd)  
You're not too "quick" are you?

The bony woman from the room they just came from, **MS. AMANDA MCDOUR**, appears through the door. She is tough willed, shrill and humorless. She wears an Armani business suit.

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR  
Excuse me. Who brought me here?

The two men look at each other and shrug.

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
If somebody doesn't offer me an  
explanation IMMEDIATELY, I'm going  
to.. to...  
(beat)  
This is OUTRAGEOUS!!

Marty ignores her and looks up at the ceiling.

MARTY  
(to Josh)  
Have you tried going up?

Josh looks up at the door on the ceiling and shrugs.

JOSH  
Go ahead. Give it a try.

Marty scales the ladder imbedded in the wall, and then, like a child on the monkey bars, swings rung by rung to the door in the center. Meanwhile Ms. McDour enters the room.

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR  
 Hey, I'm TALKING to you.  
 (beat)  
 Somebody is about to be knee deep  
 in litigation. You have no idea who  
 you're dealing with.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 6

Marty pops his head up through the door in the floor.

This cube-shaped room is empty. One of the old fashioned  
 light bulbs flickers in the corner. The number "6" has been  
 scratched into the wall.

He walks to the ladder on the wall and continues his climb.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 8

Marty sticks his head up through the floor and catches a  
 glimpse of THE WOMAN IN THE LONG RED DRESS climbing through  
 the west door.

MARTY  
 Hey! Wait. Hello.

But the woman disappears through the door without responding.

Marty approaches the door she went through. Next to it, as in  
 every other room, there is a mysterious geometric  
 HIEROGLYPHIC: eight cubes stacked together in a cross.

Marty grabs the handle on the west door and turns it. As the  
 door swings open there are a surprising series of WHIRS AND  
 CLINKS, like the churning of some industrial MUSIC BOX.

He looks in through the door but the room beyond is empty.

Marty lets the door swing shut, and he continues his climb.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 7

Marty pops his head up through the floor of the next room and  
 discovers a group of four people:

**ALEXANDER SCHMIDT**, 33, is a handsome but physically frail and  
 somewhat pompous man, with a persuasive, soothing voice. He  
 wears a tweed jacket and no tie.

**SHANTI PATEL**, 89, is an eccentric East Indian woman whose  
 shaky hands and dotted voice suggest senility. She is in a  
 frumpy wool sweater and old nightgown.

**BETTY FIELDS** is an hearty, cornfed woman who looks like a suburban housewife. She wears sweats and no make-up.

**CARLOS THELEMAQUE**, 40, the Hispanic man in coveralls that Marty saw earlier, asleep in room 4. He is leathery and gruff.

ALEXANDER

Well this is becoming quite a block party.

Marty moves right past the bewildered group of people and continues to climb.

MARTY

There's another man and a woman  
three floors below us.

As Marty makes his way to the center door, it unexpectedly opens. Josh, with a self-satisfied grin sticks his head down into the room.

JOSH

Or one floor above you depending on  
how you look at it.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 7 - LATER

Seven people (everyone we have seen except the woman in red) are assembled in the room. Many still look groggy.

Josh turns the latch on a door. Immediately the MACHINES kick into gear, rumbling from somewhere deep within the structure.

JOSH

Do you hear that?

ALEXANDER

It's louder than it was before.

JOSH

It's the rooms moving. The whole  
place shifts like some enormous  
Rubic's cube.

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR

I don't feel the room moving.

JOSH

Hey lady, take a little stroll  
around this place. I'm not making  
this up.



ALEXANDER

He's right. I went through about 40 doors before I realized I was just going in a circle.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Mrs. Patel stares at the hieroglyphic on the wall. Her voice is both gravelly and childlike.

MRS. PATEL

Look. An unfolded tesseract. What a pretty picture, don't you think?

MARTY

(humoring her)

Yes. Very pretty.

BACK TO THE OTHERS

JOSH

If going in a straight line takes us back to where we started, let's try going in a loop.

Josh marches to the north door and waves to the others to follow. They look sleepy and uninspired.

ALEXANDER

Maybe if we just stay where we are, somebody will come to get us. I mean, they can't just leave us in here forever...

JOSH

Oh, you people are idiots.

(beat)

It's a puzzle okay? Somebody out there wants to see how long it takes us to solve it.

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR

You know what. I didn't sign up to be a rat in a maze. I'm not playing this little game. No way.

She sits down in a huff. The others don't look like they want to go anywhere. Only Marty follows Josh through the door.

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR (cont'd)

Un-BELIEVABLE.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 4 - MUCH LATER

As Marty opens the door in the floor and looks down.

MARTY

Well room seven definitely moved.  
It used to be under room one.

Josh is drawing a map on a piece of sheet metal.

JOSH

Good. I predicted that. Open that  
door. That should be room one.

Marty walks over to the east door. A chorus of CLINKS AND WHIRS cries out as he opens it. He looks through.

MARTY

Yeah. That's room one. God this is  
tedious.

JOSH

GOOD! I see a pattern here.

MARTY

Do those sounds make you nervous? I  
mean something is happening every  
time we turn the latch on a door.

JOSH

Not every time. Only about every  
fourth door. I think it's the sound  
of the rooms shifting around.

MARTY

So how do we get out?

JOSH

I don't know, I just got here...

MARTY

When we find the way out, we should  
go back and get the others.

JOSH

Let 'em find their own way out.  
(pointing)  
Try that one.

Marty turns the latch on door and the whole room RUMBLES AND SHAKES with the loud HISS and GROAN of hydraulics.

Marty catches a glimpse of the lines of in the corner of the room BENDING and then snapping back into place.

MARTY

Whoa.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 3

Amanda, Alexander and Carlos sit on the floor. Mrs. Patel wanders around the room happily mumbling to herself. Betty paces and speaks with bubbly spirit.

BETTY FIELDS

Okay, let's try this again. Does anyone remember ANYTHING about how they got here?

Alexander and Ms. Amanda McDour shake their heads.

ALEXANDER

I was riding the shuttle to the airport.

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR

I was on my way to the airport too. It was so early I thought I'd take a quick nap.

(beat)

I'm definitely firing my driver.

BETTY FIELDS

Asleep in cars. Trains. You were in a bus. That's something...

CARLOS

Maybe we all crashed. Maybe we're dead, and this is hell.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 4

Marty climbs down the ladder into the room with Josh.

MARTY

Hey, where did the pretty girl in the red dress go? We haven't seen her anywhere.

JOSH

(lighting up)

I'll bet she got out.

(frowning)

Damn. I wanted to be the first one.

Josh makes a flurry of calculations, scratches numbers into the rusty floor and points at doors.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Okay. I think that goes to room 5  
but it might be 6. I want to try  
moving through each room in  
sequence: 1 through 8.

(beat)

HEY DON'T TOUCH that door.

MARTY

Why not?

JOSH

I think that's the wrong door.

MARTY

Look, I suck at puzzles. What makes  
a door the "wrong" door?

JOSH

If you turn the handle, the  
machines start. The rooms shift.

MARTY

How are you figuring this out?

JOSH

(proud)

My job is to solve problems. I do  
design work for JPL.

MARTY

Oh! So you're a...

JOSH

A rocket scientist. Yes. Now try  
that door there.

Marty goes to the other door and turns the latch, but the door won't open. Once again the machines groan from deep within the structure.

JOSH (cont'd)

Damn it! Wrong door.

Nearby the wall WOBBLES AND BENDS. Marty shakes his head to try and snap out of it. Josh looks over at him.

JOSH (cont'd)

What's wrong?

MARTY

Whatever drugs they used to knock  
me out are making my head spin.

Josh stares at the warped section of wall with fascination.

MARTY (cont'd)

You see it too?

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 3

The others pace and wait. Betty urges them on like a camp  
counselor.

BETTY FIELDS

Come on people, let's think about  
this. Why are we here? What do we  
all have in common?

They all look at each other. Everyone is different in age,  
sex, and race.

BETTY FIELDS (CONT'D)

Okay. My name's Betty, mother of  
two. What do you do?

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR

I'm an attorney, Ms. McDour, a  
partner at... Let's just say that  
it's probable that I was abducted  
for the ransom.

BETTY FIELDS

Okay. And you?

CARLOS

Carlos. I work on cars. Nobody's  
gonna ransom me for much.

ALEXANDER

I'm Doctor Alexander Schmitt,  
psychiatrist. I specialize in acute  
schizophrenia and...

BETTY FIELDS

Okay. And you..?

The old woman has a completely spaced-out, happy grin.

MRS. PATEL

What did you say, dear?

BETTY FIELDS  
What do you do?

MRS. PATEL  
Well how do you do, yourself.

BETTY FIELDS  
No. WHAT - DO - YOU - DO?

MRS. PATEL  
What am I supposed to do?  
(excited)  
Are we playing a game?

The others ignore the old woman.

BETTY FIELDS  
What about... neighborhood. Is  
anybody else from Muncie?

Alexander and Carlos shake their heads.

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR  
If I have to sit here another  
second my head will explode.

Suddenly the floor shakes. From the east wall, there is an  
ominous ROAR OF MACHINES and MUFFLED SCREAMS.

The east door is flung open and Marty and Josh tumble in.  
From the other room come sounds of gears and crunching metal.  
The men seem frantic and out of breath.

JOSH  
Everybody on their FEET!  
(pointing at another door)  
We're going through THAT door.  
MOVE! NOW!

CARLOS  
Who put him in charge?

JOSH  
Something is happening to the  
rooms. They're bending and folding  
in on themselves. We were almost  
killed.

They stand and shuffle towards the south door, but Ms. Amanda  
McDour stands near the north wall with arms crossed.

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR  
That's it. This joke isn't funny  
anymore. I want to be let out and I  
want to be let out NOW.

MARTY  
We all do 'mam, but you have to...

MS. AMANDA MCDOUR  
Don't you call me "'mam".  
(beat)  
Excuse me, but I will NOT be  
bullied and I will not be  
intimidated. Do you have any idea  
who I am?

The wall behind her back begins to UNDULATE AND RIPPLE.

Marty frantically opens the SOUTH DOOR, and then helps each  
of the others as they race through it.

Seeing the expressions of the others, Mrs. McDour turns  
around and stares at the RIPPLING north wall.

Carlos climbs through the south door, then Josh. Then Betty.

Marty assists the old woman up the ladder, but she is feeble  
and he practically has to carry her.

MARTY  
Help me!

ALEXANDER  
(going through the door)  
I can't! Bad back!

Marty struggles to pull the old woman up over his shoulder,  
and hoists her through it.

Across the room, Amanda lets out a piercing SHRIEK!

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 8

As Marty follows the old woman through the door. Mrs. Amanda  
McDour's wails continue from the other room.

VIEW THROUGH THE DOOR

Betty can see the attorney in ROOM 7. She has been pulled  
into the warped space around the wall. Arms bend. Legs twist.  
Her body is stretched like taffy on a spinning wheel.

BETTY FIELDS  
Somebody help her!

Betty charges towards the door, but the glimpse to the adjacent room shows it folding in on itself like a deflating balloon. Alexander SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

ALEXANDER  
No.

Others scatter to each of the five remaining doors: The north, south, east, west and floor. All the doors ARE LOCKED.

JOSH  
This is the last room. The other rooms have folded in on themselves. There's no place else to go...

The LIGHTS GO OUT. Although the characters are illuminated by a mysterious glow, around them there is nothing but a BLACK VOID. A gust of WIND hits them from below.

CARLOS  
Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...

There is a sound like an accelerating elevator.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL TWO - ROOM 1

The lights flip on.

They find themselves in a room that looks much the same with doors in each of the four walls, floor and ceiling. Ladders are embedded in the walls.

MRS. PATEL  
(looking around the room)  
Level Two!

MARTY  
What did she mean by that?

BETTY FIELDS  
Nothing. She thinks this is a game.

Josh looks at where the old lady is gazing: The hieroglyphic on the wall near the door. As in the other rooms there is a diagram of 8 cubes arranged in the shape of a cross. But now there are TWO CROSSES.

JOSH  
Maybe she's right.



Betty grabs Marty's arm.

BETTY FIELDS

But what about Ms. McDour? We can't  
just leave her.

Betty climbs the ladder and opens the North door. Beyond it  
is a metal cube-shaped room with doors on all sides, but it  
is empty.

BETTY FIELDS (cont'd)

She's gone!

ALEXANDER

No that's a different room.

(beat)

Did you feel your stomach drop when  
the lights went out? I think we ARE  
in a different level.

Josh turns the latch of the south door. Carlos opens the door  
in the floor. Below them is another metal room with 6 doors.

Josh starts climbing through the South door.

JOSH

I'm guessing another eight rooms.  
Exactly the same as...

Just as he enters the room, he SCREAMS and falls with a THUD.

The rest of the group rushes to the door and looks inside.

Impossibly, Josh is SITTING ON THE WALL of the room as if it  
were the floor.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL TWO - ROOM 2

Marty and Carlos look at him through the door.

JOSH

Well, not exactly the same.

(bewildered)

Did this whole room just turn on  
its side?

BETTY FIELDS

No.

JOSH

Okay, I just lost my bearings.

He stands up and walks along the "wall" of the room. From his point of view [the camera turns], it is the floor.

MARTY (O.C.)  
Come back. Where are you going?

JOSH  
I'm testing this level out. I'm  
going in a straight line.

Josh tries to open the far (West) door. It is locked.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Hey. Close that door for a second.

After they close the open door, he tries the far door again. This time it opens.

As he is climbing through, once again, he "falls"... this time TO THE CEILING. He lands with a THUD and lets out a little scream.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL TWO - ROOM 3

A bewildered Josh stands up, upside down on the "ceiling" [as camera spins] which from his NEW point of view, is the floor.

JOSH  
Okay. This is weird.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL TWO - ROOM 1

In the corner of the room, Mrs. Patel sits on the ground like a child in a sand box. She builds little constructions out of rusty nails, and bits of black, rubbery, putty that she has picked up off the ground.

Alexander is in an oddly cheerful mood, he doesn't so much speak as lecture.

ALEXANDER  
So in many ways, this seems like a  
psychology experiment...

CARLOS  
Ya think?

ALEXANDER  
Sure. Group dynamics under  
pressure. Problem solving.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

ALEXANDER(cont'd)

Don't you get the feeling there's  
someone out there. Observing us.  
Charting our stress levels?

CARLOS

Yeah. The devil, man.

ALEXANDER

(condescending)

I don't think so. If it were Hell,  
there would be a lot more people.

Carlos notices a number of HUMAN BONES scattered on the  
floor. Kicking a piece of a skull...

CARLOS

Maybe there WAS a lot of people  
here, man.

Betty Fields is crying and Marty consoles her; she pulls  
herself together quickly.

BETTY FIELDS

When I woke up, I thought I was in  
prison. I kept thinking, what did I  
ever do? I don't deserve this.

MARTY

It doesn't seem like "deserves" has  
anything to do with it.

(beat)

Don't worry. We're gonna be okay.

BETTY FIELDS

(dryly)

What makes you say that?

From beyond the walls comes an OMINOUS, OSCILLATING SOUND  
that makes the walls shake. Then a strange POUNDING as if  
something extremely heavy was slamming against the wall.

And then a muffled SCREAM.

Suddenly the East door opens and Josh crawls through in a  
terrible rush. He slams the door behind him.

ALEXANDER

Let me guess. You went in a  
straight line and ended up right  
back where you started.

JOSH

Yeah right. Something like that.

Josh is covered in sweat. He is panting. His hands shake.

MARTY

What happened? Are you all right?

JOSH

No. We really have to be careful  
not to open the wrong door.

(beat)

The machines seem to be triggered  
whenever we open a door to a room  
we've already been in once.

ALEXANDER

Well let's not open ANY doors.

JOSH

No, listen to me. If we can move  
through each of the eight rooms  
without crossing the same room  
twice...

Josh scratches the number 1 into the wall.

ALEXANDER

We can get out?

JOSH

Or at least get to the next level.

Carlos looks at Alexander and Josh, and then hurls a chunk of  
metal against the wall. He seems to dislike everyone.

CARLOS

Great. I'm stuck here with Sigmund  
Freud and Albert-fucking-Einstien.

Josh and Alexander, startled, back away from the mechanic.  
Marty steps in between them.

MARTY

Easy there. Take it easy.

(beat)

Josh has a good plan. It's what we  
did last time. We went through the  
rooms in order.

CARLOS

Last time we almost got crumpled up  
in a trash compactor.

Josh goes to the North door and unhitches the latch.

JOSH  
 (still rattled)  
 Yes, we did. That's why we should  
 hurry...

Josh throws his sneaker into the room, and it "FALLS" to the East wall, showing where the floor is in this room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL TWO - ROOM 4

Josh looks around at the doors. He looks indecisive, even a bit bewildered. The rest of the group waits for his decision.

ALEXANDER  
 Well? Which way next?

JOSH  
 I dunno. I have to figure this out.

Josh jumps down and starts marking out more calculations in the rust. Numbers connected by arrows.

CARLOS  
 I thought you knew where you were going! You are so full of shit...

JOSH  
 Do you have any idea of how complicated this is?! Every time the rooms shift there are THOUSANDS of possible permutations...

MRS. PATEL  
 The rooms aren't moving. They're folded together.

MARTY  
 I beg your pardon?

MRS. PATEL  
 The rooms are folded together in the fourth dimension.

JOSH  
 Well that explains it.  
 (rattled)  
 Would you keep her away from me please? I'm trying to think.

MARTY  
(humoring her)  
Come here mam'. Why don't you tell  
me all about it over here.

At the other side of the room Mrs. Patel shows Marty the  
little constructions she has been making.

She has rolled the putty into balls the size of marbles, and  
she has stuck the nails into the balls, constructing little  
squares, cubes and another strange shape.

MRS. PATEL  
You see, in one dimension you can  
move along one axis. Left and  
Right.

To illustrate, she holds up a single nail, with a ball on the  
left and right.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)  
In two dimensions you can move  
along two axes. Left, right, up and  
down.

She holds up a square made from nails and putty balls.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)  
In three dimensions, three axes.  
You can now move forwards and  
backwards.

She holds up a CUBE made from nails and putty balls. Marty  
can't help noticing the cube shape of the room he is in.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)  
In FOUR DIMENSIONS, there is a  
forth axis, a fourth spatial  
direction to go in.

She holds up a complex construction of nails and putty balls.  
It looks like cubes inside of cubes.

MARTY  
What is that?

MRS. PATEL  
It's a hypercube. Don't you see?

MARTY  
No.

MRS. PATEL

A hypercube has 8 cubes on its  
boundary. 8 cubes folded together  
in the fourth dimension.

CLOSE ON MARTY

He looks at the hieroglyphics on the wall. The diagrams,  
eight cubes in a cross, have an eerie similarity to the old  
woman's models.

MARTY

What are you on the outside. What  
do you do?

MRS. PATEL

Well I live at the Victoria Center  
with other ladies my age. We play  
cards. We read books and...

MARTY

No before that, what was your job?

MRS. PATEL

I was a professor of mathematics at  
Cambridge University.

He stares at her for a moment. Thinking.

MARTY

(crossing to Josh)

Hey. Have you ever heard of a  
hypercube?

JOSH

No. I can't say that I have.

MARTY

Well the old lady says that we're  
in one.

JOSH

(dry)

Oh does she now?

MARTY

What if there's something to it?  
She says she's a Mathematician.

ALEXANDER

Next she'll be saying she's the  
Virgin Mary.

MARTY  
(showing the construction)  
But look what she made. It's a  
hypercube.

BETTY FIELDS  
You should see what my five year  
old can do with tinkertoys.

Josh circles a figure that he has sketched.

JOSH  
All right, let's try that door.

Josh steps forward, holds his breath and pulls the latch.  
Everyone tenses up, waiting for the terrifying sound of the  
machines. But nothing happens.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
The right door.

MONTAGE - ROOMS TWO, THREE AND FIVE, AND SIX

We cut over various shots of the characters moving from room  
to room. Josh picks a door; he throws his boot to find the  
"floor"; they all climb up and down the ladders.

The old lady takes a long time getting through the doors.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL TWO - ROOM 7

The group stands in the center of the room as Josh looks from  
door to door in bewilderment.

JOSH  
(talking to himself)  
Okay, there's only one more room to  
go. Only ONE door is the right one.  
Gotta think... 2 to 5 to 7 makes  
that room 3, and THAT one is...

Josh steps up to a door.

MRS. PATEL  
That's the wrong one, dear.

Josh hesitates. Mrs. Patel points to the OPPOSITE door.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)  
We haven't been to that room yet.



JOSH

Yes we have. That's the FIRST room  
we started in. That's room one.

MRS. PATEL

No it isn't. It's room eight.

MARTY

Maybe we should listen to her.  
She's seems to know an awful lot  
about it.

BETTY FIELDS

Let's take a vote.

JOSH

TAKE A VOTE? I've spent hours  
mapping this out? It...it's very  
complex. We can't take a vote.

BETTY FIELDS

Everyone who wants to open HER door  
raise your hand.

Only Marty and Betty Fields raise their hands. Mrs. Patel is  
in her own world. She doesn't vote.

BETTY FIELDS (CONT'D)

Okay, Go ahead. Open your door.

Josh approaches his door. He hesitates and laughs nervously.  
His palms are wet and his hands are shaking.

The others watch him. His anxiety is contagious.

CARLOS

What are you so scared of?

JOSH

Nothing.

Josh turns the handle of the latch. But the door doesn't  
open. It is locked. Immediately there erupts the OMINOUS,  
OSCILLATING SOUND.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Damn it. Wrong door.

A BLACK MARBLE appears in the air and flies through the room  
like a bumble bee. It darts one way and then another. The  
deep mechanical roar echoes with its movements.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
DON'T GO NEAR IT!

The rest of the group ducks and cowers, to avoid the little orb as it continues to zip around the room.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Quickly! Try another door.

MRS. PATEL  
(smiling and pointing)  
That's the one dear!

Alexander OPENS the door Mrs. Patel is pointing at, and the little orb GROWS to the size of a basketball.

JOSH  
Go! Go! GO!

The orb zips back and forth and dive-bombs the others. Carlos has to fall to the floor to avoid it.

As Alexander climbs through the open doorway, the orb grows to the size of a beach ball. It is made of thin, spinning metal hoops, like a gyroscope.

The RAZORSPHERE bounces against a wall, and its spinning metal hoops, SLICE OUT A CHUNK OF THE WALL!

Mrs. Patel is pulled through the open door by Carlos and Betty Fields. However, Marty is standing at the other side of the room. The RAZORSPHERE has cut him off.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Stand back. In the corner. IN THE  
CORNER!

Marty crouches in the corner, and the RAZORSPHERE grows to about ten feet in diameter, filling the center of the room.

It CRASHES and BOUNCES against the walls, taking chunks along with it, but it is too big to hit Marty or Josh, who huddle in opposite corners.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Now crawl along the edge, where the  
floor meets the wall!

Every time the RAZORSPHERE bounces against a wall, it makes a SOUND LIKE A METAL GRINDER and leaves a scar-like gouge.

But as Marty crawls along the edge to the open door, the SPHERE can't reach him.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Keep coming!

Marty makes it to the open door and crawls through. Josh is following after him when...

HYPERCUBE - LEVEL TWO - ROOM 8

Marty looks over his shoulder as he gets through the door. In the other room, the RAZORSPHERE SHRINKS BACK DOWN TO THE SIZE OF A BEACHBALL and catches Josh on the ladder.

The spinning blades slice the man like deli meat. Blood sprays. Thin cuts of flesh pile up on the floor like pastrami. He doesn't even have time to scream.

Marty SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

There is a long moment of silence as the others stare at Marty, who falls to his knees and covers his face.

CARLOS  
Christ, now what?

BETTY FIELDS  
This is the last room on the level.

ALEXANDER  
I'm still not clear what that means.

BETTY FIELDS  
Neither am I really, but this is where we were trying to get to... Right? Isn't this the last room?

Then Alexander looks towards the other side of the room.

ALEXANDER  
Hey, were did SHE come from?

In the far corner of the room is THE WOMAN IN THE LONG RED DRESS. **LILY CHANG** is stunningly beautiful and wandering around in circles like a sleepwalker.

LILY  
Have you seen it? I must have put it down somewhere.

Alexander approaches her. The woman

ALEXANDER  
Seen what?

LILY  
My violin. Help me find it.

The woman climbs a ladder to the West door.

ALL  
Hey! Wait! Don't open that door!

However, just as Lily opens the west door, the east door opens. With expressions of awe and wonderment, they watch as Lily STICKS HER HEAD THROUGH THE WEST DOOR... AND COMES IN THROUGH THE EAST DOOR... INTO THE SAME ROOM!

CARLOS  
Okay, this is some crazy shit.

Lily climbs through the portal back into the same room. Everyone is speechless except for Mrs. Patel, who laughs.

MRS. PATEL  
You see the room has been bent back on itself in the fourth dimension.

The others aren't looking at her like she's crazy anymore. They hang on her every word.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)  
Imagine if you were a 2-dimensional creature living on a 2-dimensional surface.

Mrs. Patel picks up a piece of scrap metal, bends it and closes it into a loop.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)  
You wouldn't notice anything because a 2-dimensional creature can't see the third dimension.  
(beat)  
But if you went in a straight line you would end up right back where you started.

Suddenly, the lights flicker and the MACHINES ROAR.

Then the LIGHTS GO OUT. Although the characters are illuminated by a mysterious glow, around them there is nothing but a BLACK VOID. Gusts of WIND hit them from below.

CARLOS  
Here we go again.

There is a sound like an accelerating elevator.

## INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL THREE - ROOM 1

The lights come up, revealing a similar cube-shaped room, with THREE cross-like diagrams etched in the wall. As in the previous two levels, there are doors in all four walls, the floor and the ceiling.

CARLOS

Did we fall? I feel like we just hit a drop on a roller coaster.

MRS. PATEL

(smiling)

Oh, we just moved on the fourth axis... Probably only a couple feet away. Maybe only a few inches.

BETTY FIELDS

What kind of place is this?

MRS. PATEL

Geometrically speaking it's a hypercube.

BETTY FIELDS

Never mind "geometrically speaking." Who made it? WHY ARE WE HERE?

MRS. PATEL

(laughing)

Well those are questions for God, not a Mathematician.

Betty is losing her patience.

BETTY FIELDS

Can you get us out of here? Do you know your way through this maze?

MRS. PATEL

It's easy. You just have to think in the fourth dimension and...

BETTY FIELDS

Sure. That's fine. Where do we start.

MRS. PATEL

This way, dear.

Betty crouches down and looks at Marty. He has been sitting quietly in the corner, staring off into space.

BETTY FIELDS  
Are you okay?

MARTY  
No.

BETTY FIELDS  
Are you injured?

MARTY  
No. I just... I've never seen  
someone die before.

At the other side of the room Carlos opens the door that Mrs. Patel has pointed to. Betty extends her hand to Marty.

BETTY FIELDS  
Come on. We have to keep going.

CLOSE ON

A shoe tossed from Betty Fields's hand through the open door lands on the WALL of ROOM 2.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL THREE - ROOM 2 - LATER

Another cube-shaped room, identical to ROOM 1. Lily is the last one through the door. She is disoriented by the shift in gravity from horizontal to vertical.

Thin beams of light switch on illuminating a thin sheet of glowing gossamer that extends from the ceiling to the floor like a semi-transparent FLAT CURTAIN.

As the characters walk through the thin plane of light, a THIN LINE wraps around their bodies, from head to toe, where the light hits them. Strangely, the light has no source, and there are no shadows cast.

Mrs. Patel's breathing is labored. She seems unsteady on her feet.

BETTY FIELDS  
Are you all right? Do you need to  
sit down and rest for a second?

MRS. PATEL  
Well I need to be getting home  
soon. I'm very tired.

Alexander extends his hand in and out of the curtain of light. Strangely, it creates an unbroken line of light that circles his palm.

Carlos speaks to Marty in a hushed voice.

CARLOS

That old lady creeps me out. I  
think she's some kinda witch.

(beat)

I mean, that spinning ball just...  
appeared... like a magic spell.

The old lady overhears him.

MRS. PATEL

Not magic dear, it's all perfectly  
logical.

Mrs. Patel picks up a spherical metal lump the size of a  
tennis ball, perhaps a massive ball bearing that fell out of  
the churning machines.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)

When a 3-D sphere passes through a  
two dimensional surface, it appears  
as a point... coming out of  
nowhere.

As she holds the ball against the plane of light, it hits the  
sphere on an edge, lighting up a point.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)

As it moves in farther it appears  
as a circle...

As she moves the ball through the plane of light, it lights  
up a circular "equator" on the ball.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)

The circle gets larger and larger  
and then shrinks back down to a  
point.

MARTY

(getting it)

Like the spinning razor started  
small and then grew larger...

MRS. PATEL

It was a four dimensional sphere,  
that passed through the 3-  
dimensional room.

(beat)

All these machines we're hearing  
are four dimensional.

(MORE)

MRS. PATEL(cont'd)

We only see the cross sections...  
the pieces that pass through our  
plane.

Mrs. Patel plays with little gears and bolts, passing them  
through the plane of light, looking at the "cross sections."

ALEXANDER

I don't believe a word of this.  
(beat)  
Everything we've seen is being done  
with optical illusions, mirrors,  
holograms.  
(beat)  
I mean, when you think about it  
nothing we've seen is any more  
"fantastic" than something you  
would see on a good ride at  
Disneyland.

CARLOS

They must have some scary-ass rides  
at Disneyland man.

ALEXANDER

Well I for one have seen no proof  
of magic or the fourth dimension.

Mrs. Patel looks at Lily and smiles.

MRS. PATEL

Come over here and let me look at  
you.

The pretty young woman complies and stares at the old  
professor impatiently.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)

Raise your right hand dear.

LILY

What for?

MRS. PATEL

Come on, then. Raise your right  
hand.

She raises her LEFT hand.

BETTY FIELDS

No. Your RIGHT hand.

LILY

This is my RIGHT hand.



Betty raises her right hand.

BETTY FIELDS  
No. This is right.

LILY  
No. That's left.

MRS. PATEL  
Look at her necklace. Your name is  
Lily, isn't it dear?

Betty looks at the necklace. The letters that spell out  
"LILY" are reversed, as if seen in a mirror.

BETTY FIELDS  
It's backwards.

LILY  
What are you talking about? What's  
backwards about it?

The old woman picks up a strip of metal off the ground.

MRS. PATEL  
Remember when she went through the  
door and back into the same room?

As she did before she brings the ends of the metal ribbon  
together forming a loop.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)  
I told you that the room was folded  
back on itself. She went out one  
end and came in the other.  
(running her finger around  
the loop)  
What I didn't realize, was that the  
room was connected with a twist.

Mrs. Patel flips the metal ribbon a half-twist and brings the  
ends together, forming a "Möbius strip."

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)  
She's been flipped over. Now she's  
her own mirror image.

ALEXANDER  
This is nonsense.

MRS. PATEL  
Okay, listen to her heartbeat. Go  
on doctor...

The doctor presses his ear to the left side of her chest. He looks a bit baffled.

Then he puts his ear to the RIGHT side of her chest. His eyes widen. His face is white. He lets go of her and backs away.

ALEXANDER  
Her heart... her heart is on the  
RIGHT side of her chest.

MRS. PATEL  
(smiling)  
There's your proof.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL THREE - ROOM 3

Betty picks up her shoe. Alexander and Marty are already in the room with her.

BETTY FIELDS  
(calling to the open door)  
Careful coming in this room. This  
wall becomes the ceiling.

INTERCUT ROOM 2

Carlos is looking though the door. The others are walking on the far "wall" as if it were the floor.

CARLOS  
How are we going to get granny  
through?

BETTY FIELDS (O.C.)  
I've got an idea. Take off those  
coveralls.

BACK IN ROOM 3

Betty pulls off her sweatshirt; underneath it is a sports bra. Alexander and Marty are shocked to see that she is CUT LIKE AN OLYMPIC ATHLETE; what seemed like frumpy, homemaker curves are actually muscle mass. They stare at her.

BETTY FIELDS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(winking)  
If either of you guys ever need a  
personal trainer... I'll give you  
my card.

Carlos lowers the tiny old woman down, using his coveralls (tied to Betty's sweats) as a rope. Marty and the Betty stand in the center of the room and prepare to catch her.

BETTY FIELDS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Don't drop her.

CARLOS (O.C.)  
I've got it.

The old lady weighs only 98 pounds. She looks as delicate as a paper doll hanging from a string.

Alexander can see little "creatures" moving over a plane of light: glowing squares, like geometric amoebae.

ALEXANDER  
Look. Little holograms.

Alexander is completely absorbed by the strange plane of light, and he ignores the others. With a bit of scrap metal, the doctor pokes at the glowing squares.

BETTY FIELDS  
Hey, don't touch that.

ALEXANDER  
Why not?

BETTY FIELDS  
Because I told you not to.

ALEXANDER  
You have control issues don't you?

As Betty catches the old woman and lowers her to the ground, Mrs. Patel points to the East door.

MRS. PATEL  
That way next!

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL THREE - ROOM 4

They continue moving into the next room. Once again, getting the old woman up and down the ladder is a complicated group-effort. Everyone helps except Alexander.

As before, he is fascinated by several more PANELS OF LIGHT, jutting out of the walls at various points like ultra thin sheets of glass.

BETTY FIELDS  
Are you going to help us?

ALEXANDER  
Well how many people does it take?

Alexander sticks his hand into one transparent sheet of light and HIS HAND DISAPPEARS. Impossibly, his hand extends out of a panel TEN FEET AWAY! He pulls his arm back quickly.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

My God, look at this.

He does it again, sticking his hand in one translucent plane of light, only to have it come out from a plane on the other side of the room.

BETTY FIELDS

I said DON'T TOUCH THAT! We know the place is booby trapped. It's liable to take your arm off.

Alexander notices that there are human bones scattered around his feet. Each one is sliced in half as if cut by a laser.

ALEXANDER

(pulling out his arm)

Yeah, you're probably right.

LEVEL THREE - ROOM 4 - LATER

We DISSOLVE over shimmering planes of light as distant engines hum. The group sits on the floor and waits.

Mrs. Patel lies on her side and rests. She watches Marty draw pictures in the rust: abstract and geometric, they look like "cubist" sketches.

MARTY

You mean like this?

MRS. PATEL

Draw another cube on top of it, from a different perspective. I'll teach you about projections.

MARTY

No. You need to rest.

MRS. PATEL

Oh it's no trouble. Look. A three dimensional object casts a two dimensional shadow, right?

Her hand casts a shadow on the wall.

MRS. PATEL (cont'd)  
Now imagine that everything you can  
see is just a three dimensional  
shadow. A SHADOW of its true 4-  
dimensional form.

OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROOM

One of the wall panels has fallen to the floor. Oily, filthy  
machinery imbedded behind the walls is now visible.

BETTY FIELDS  
Who would have this kind of  
technology?

CARLOS  
It doesn't look high tech to me.  
It's all just simple gears, belts  
and levers.

ON ALEXANDER

Sticking his hand in one panel of light, Alexander's hands  
extend out of the panel of light directly behind him.

He is able to give HIMSELF a back rub. He giggles with  
delight.

BETTY FIELDS  
He is just asking for trouble.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL THREE - ROOM 5

The group crosses through the next room.

Hovering in the direct center of the room is another  
"hologram." It is made of the same, transparent panels of  
light that we have seen in other rooms.

It is a cube. And on the cube are the little squares, moving  
from side to side of the cube like the points of flashlight  
beams on a cardboard box.

MARTY  
I see it now. We're like the little  
squares going from room to room on  
the surface of a cube.

MRS. PATEL  
(excited)  
YES!

MARTY

Only we're 3-dimensional creatures  
moving on the surface of a  
hypercube.

MRS. PATEL

That's it. That's right. You're  
thinking like a Mathematician.

MARTY

Yeah right, I can't even balance my  
check book.

MRS. PATEL

No. You can SEE things. You're  
smarter than you think.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL THREE - ROOM 6

Mrs. Patel is having trouble getting through the door and  
down the ladder. Marty assists her. It's hard to make out  
exactly what she is talking about.

MRS. PATEL

Some mystics believe that ghosts  
reside in the fourth dimension. Or  
that other creatures are there,  
watching us. To us they would seem  
like Gods.

The old woman collapses on the ground. She is so exhausted  
she can barely sit up. Carlos, Betty Fields and Alexander  
huddle together and whisper.

LILY

How long are we going to wait this  
time?

ALEXANDER

Why doesn't she just tell us which  
door to go through next? Or better  
yet, the next few doors in the  
sequence.

MARTY

Oh no. You're not leaving her.

ALEXANDER

I didn't say that we should.

(beat)

However, consider this. We've been  
in this place for 24 hours without  
water. Probably much longer.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER(cont'd)

(beat)

Are any of you getting cotton mouth? Headaches? Dizziness. That's dehydration. In a few more hours some of us will start passing out.

(beat)

After 48 hours without water, some of us will start dying.

MARTY

Just a few minutes. Just let her catch her breath.

ALEXANDER

My point is that if there are more levels to this thing, she's not going to make it.

BETTY FIELDS

We'll carry her if we have to.

ALEXANDER

I just don't see how that's practical.

BETTY FIELDS

Nobody is leaving ANYONE behind.

MARTY

Besides. She's the only one who knows which doors to open.

The old woman has curled up in a fetal position on the floor.

MRS. PATEL

Oh you don't need me. It's a simple game. Just don't stumble back on a room you have already been in. IT'S EASY.

MARTY

Easy for you.

MRS. PATEL

No, you can do it. You can SEE the pattern. Look beyond the shadows...

Mrs. Patel falls asleep and begins to snore. Lily crosses her arms and rolls her eyes.

LILY

This is so... BORING.

The others look at her oddly.

LEVEL THREE - ROOM 6 - LATER

The old woman is still asleep. Lily listens to the rhythm of the machines. There are low tones. She hums a melody in tune and rhythm with the "noise."

CARLOS  
What song is that?

LILY  
It's Johann Sebastian Bach.

ALEXANDER  
Can you remember anything about how  
you got here?

LILY  
Not really. I was in a limousine...  
on my way to a concert.

CARLOS  
Do you play in a band?

LILY  
I'm a soloist with a PHILHARMONIC.

Carlos notices her tone. He holds his hand to his ear.

CARLOS  
Pardon me? You're a snob with a  
philharmonic?

She ignores him.

ALEXANDER  
And now you're here. You're  
disoriented. You're scared.

She looks at him with a deadpan expression. Alexander reaches out and strokes the pretty woman's shoulder. There is something unctuous in his tone.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
It's okay Lily. You've been through  
a lot of trauma. You'll feel better  
if you try and talk about it.

She stares at him like a bug in a jar and then bursts out  
LAUGHING. Then she continues humming, unimpressed.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

Alexander leans over to the old woman.



ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Well she's still breathing. But I don't think we can move her.

MARTY

We have to.

ALEXANDER

She's dangerously exhausted, and dehydrated.

BETTY FIELDS

Well it's been over an hour. I say we pick a door and we carry her.

(to Marty)

Do you think you know which door to go through?

Marty holds the mathematician's model of the hypercube. He looks at the HIEROGLYPHICS on the walls, eight cubes stacked in the shape of a cross.

MARTY

That one.

CARLOS

Hey do you know or don't you?

MARTY

I'm pretty sure. But the hypercube is really hard to visualize.

(pointing again)

That door. It's my best guess.

They turn the latch of the door, but from somewhere deep within the structure, they can hear the chug of machines.

The others cower, waiting for something to happen. The machine sounds grow LOUDER.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Okay, wrong door. Wrong door. Try this one.

Marty and Betty Fields rush to the opposite side, but as they do, a curtain of light drops in their path.

Lily backs up into a second plane of light, and pops out on the other side of the first. She stands near the West door.

ALEXANDER

That's the way.

Alexander follows her first through the plane of light to the west door. Marty props up the old woman.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL THREE - ROOM 7

The group hustles through the door, carrying the semi-conscious Mrs. Patel like a flimsy roll of carpet.

They have to shout over the sound of the machines.

BETTY FIELDS  
Which door!?

MARTY  
(disoriented)  
I... I don't know.

The characters panic. New sheets of light, like panes of glass, crisscross the room.

A series of planes slice into Alexander's arm and the limb seems to separate into three pieces. He screams.

Another stack of planes slices into Alexander's torso, separating his body into three sections. His squirming legs are over 12 feet away from his waist. He chokes in horror.

However, Mrs. Patel is characteristically calm as the others run around in a frenzy. She can see a "cross section" of the psychiatrist's body: his bones, flesh and internal organs.

MRS. PATEL  
A four dimensional creature could  
see every part of you, inside and  
out. I could reach inside you and  
remove your appendix!  
(looking around)  
Which door did we come in?

CARLOS  
(pointing)  
THAT ONE!

MRS. PATEL  
(giggling)  
Oh, now you've got us all mixed up.  
(beat)  
Go down. DOWN.

Alexander's body parts SNAP BACK INTO PLACE as the planes come together. Everyone is falling over one another in a mad dash to get through the door in the floor.

Before Marty goes, he extends his hand to the old woman.

MARTY

Hurry up!

MRS. PATEL

I'm too tired. I think I'll stay.

The terrifying machines roar, and dozens and dozens of planes of light slice through the room.

MARTY

No. You can make it. Come on.

MRS. PATEL

No. You don't need my help any more. You're starting to see it.

MARTY

Take my hand!

Marty takes a step towards the old woman.

MRS. PATEL

It's all right. Leave me here. I think I'm finally going to get to where I've always wanted to go.

MARTY

Where?

MRS. PATEL

The fourth dimension.

MARTY

But tell me. How many levels does this thing have? How much farther do we have to go?

But, as he takes another step towards the mathematician, she becomes foreshortened, as if she were nothing more than a projection on a angled sheet of glass.

Her smiling face and decrepit body turn with the planes of light, revealing that she has become flat, two dimensional. The plane rotates into a line. The line shrinks to a point.

And she has disappeared.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL THREE - ROOM 8

Marty falls through the door in the ceiling and lands on the floor with a THUD! He holds his ankle and yelps. The little hypercube model falls after him and SMASHES on the ground.

MARTY  
Damn that hurts.

CARLOS  
Hey, what about the old lady?

Then as has happened twice before, the LIGHTS GO OUT. Although the characters are illuminated by a mysterious glow, around them there is nothing but a BLACK VOID. A gust of WIND hits them from below.

BETTY FIELDS  
Maybe this is it. Maybe this is the very last room... The end.

MARTY  
I don't think so.

BETTY FIELDS  
Why?

MARTY  
Intuition.

The wind and acceleration cease, but around them there is still nothing but an empty black void and a small platform on which they are standing. Carlos kneels and quietly prays.

Lily giggles childishly.

BETTY FIELDS  
Is something funny?

LILY  
Yes.

BETTY FIELDS  
What exactly?

LILY  
Everything. Everything's funny.

BETTY FIELDS  
(shaking with rage)  
Do you see the blood on his  
clothes? Do you know where it came  
from? Three people have DIED.

LILY  
(shrugging)  
Hopefully you'll be next.

Betty clenches her fist, but the doctor intervenes.

ALEXANDER  
She's in a state of shock. She  
doesn't know what she's saying.

LILY  
I'm not in shock.

Lily starts laughing uncontrollably.

ALEXANDER  
She's definitely in shock.

LILY  
No I'm not! I'M DREAMING.  
(beat)  
You are all just figments of my  
subconscious.  
(pointing at Betty Fields)  
You're undigested Indian take-out.  
A bit of sagg wala.  
(pointing to Alexander)  
You're symbolic. Some kind of  
father figure. We'll DEFINITELY be  
having sex later.

BETTY FIELDS  
Shut up! This isn't a dream... or  
if it is a dream, it's MY dream and  
you're... BUGGING ME.

Lily just hums to herself.

Marty limps around the gloom picking up three pieces of the  
hypercube model and fitting them back together.

MARTY  
It's still missing a piece. Does  
anybody see it?

No one seems concerned about the missing piece of the mathematician's toy, but Marty continues to search. As the dim light gets just a little bit brighter he comes upon...

A STAIRCASE, with metal steps and metal railing, made in the same old industrial style.

Marty reaches the bottom of the stairs, and as if triggered by his movement, lights embedded in the steps switch on. The flight seems to end at a doorway in the center of the wall.

BETTY FIELDS

Look! You see? That's it. It's the way out.

As Marty climbs the steps the lights get brighter and dimmer, illuminating only the area in which he moves. Around him there is only darkness.

When he gets to the door he can see another staircase, upside down leading somewhere above. Around the door he can see familiar hieroglyphics: FOUR crosses made from cubes.

MARTY

No it's another level. Another eight rooms.

The others wearily approach the stairway. The atmosphere is strangely thick, they can barely see Marty's dim outline.

CARLOS

We're not getting out. It goes on forever. Hell is infinite.

ALEXANDER

I really don't think that kind of talk is productive.

BETTY FIELDS

How are we going to find our way through in the dark?

MARTY

We'll just leave a trail. We'll mark the rooms we've already been in with an "X" or... I don't know. Something.

BETTY FIELDS

We'll leave a trail of bread crumbs.

Betty grabs Lily by the arm.

LILY

Hey, what are you doing.

Using a metal scrap, Betty Fields cuts and then TEARS off a bit of the hem of Lily's red dress.

BETTY FIELDS

What do you care. You're just dreaming.

ON A STAIRWAY RAILING - LATER

Betty ties the torn hem to the railing like a FLAG.

The rest of the group is lined up on the staircase following Marty's lead.

MARTY

Okay. We'll mark our path every fifteen feet or so.

BETTY FIELDS

How far does it go? Are there walls?

Indeed, they can see no wall. Only darkness beyond the stairways. Marty picks up a SPRING, about the size of a coffee can, that is lying with other debris on the floor.

He throws it through the open door, testing the direction of "gravity" on the other side.

The spring flies through the air and then makes a quick right hand turn and is swallowed by the pitch black.

They can hear the SOUND of the spring rattling and clanging as it bounces off metal stairways and platforms in the dark. There is a peculiar echo. The sound gets softer as it falls further away and then gets strangely LOUDER.

The spring reappears. It falls past them again, back into the void. Then it falls past them a third time, very quickly before landing somewhere beyond view.

MARTY

We'll have to be careful.

CARLOS

No shit.

Marty carefully steps into the next room, hopping onto a staircase oriented at a right angle to the one they are standing on. Gravity in this room goes to the right.

The others tentatively follow.

MONTAGE - TRAVELING SHOTS - THROUGH ROOMS 2 AND 3

The group walks up and down different stairways. Alexander tears off another chunk of Lily's diminishing gown and ties it to the railing.

LILY

You know once I had a dream I was  
naked. What does that mean doctor?

ALEXANDER

(playing along)

It's a common dream. Anxiety  
probably. Have you been under any  
pressure lately?

SEVERAL VIEWS.

Sometimes they seem upside down and sometimes sideways as  
they trudge along. Alexander wheezes, huffs and puffs.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 4

With the rest of the group waiting on the stairway behind  
him, Marty opens a door and looks through it. He is startled  
by the OMINOUS ROAR OF MACHINES.

MARTY

Ahhhh, shit.

On the railing of a stairway hanging sideways in the murk, a  
red marker is tied. Marty looks at the hypercube model.

MARTY (cont'd)

I made a mistake. We've been in  
this room.

BETTY FIELDS

Are you sure it matters?

The machines rev up like old Ford, and gravity suddenly  
shifts 90 degrees. The whole group FALLS TO THEIR SIDES,  
clinging to the hand rail to keep from falling.

MARTY

It matters.

Carlos and Alexander scramble onto another stairway oriented  
in the new position.



But Lily is slipping. Her legs dangle below the railing, and she can't pull herself up. Betty crawls over to her.

BETTY FIELDS  
(to Carlos and Alex)  
Help her! Come on, NOW!

But the two men hesitate. The railing is precarious. Only Betty scrambles out and grabs the other woman's hand.

BETTY FIELDS (CONT'D)  
Ever have a dream about falling?

Betty, showing remarkable strength and dexterity, pulls the other woman up. Only Marty limps over and reaches out to help Betty pull the woman to safety.

BETTY FIELDS (cont'd)  
(to Alex and Carlos)  
Thanks for your help guys.

ALEXANDER  
Sorry. I have a chronic back injury. I can't do any heavy lifting. It's not that I didn't WANT to...

CARLOS  
Shut up, doc.

ROOM 4 - LATER

The whole group waits at a juncture where stairs run in four different directions. Marty looks back and forth.

BETTY FIELDS  
So we're lost again?

MARTY  
I don't know. I guess...maybe. I have to think.

Marty sits down and Betty helps him pull off his boot. His ankle has swollen up to the size of a baseball.

BETTY FIELDS  
No wonder you've been limping.

She touches the ankle and Marty winces.

BETTY FIELDS (CONT'D)  
See if you can find something to use as a splint.

At first nobody responds. The only metal scraps are wafer thin and the size of coasters.

BETTY FIELDS (cont'd)  
Come on, people. Let's WORK  
TOGETHER here!

Carlos and Alexander move up and down the stairways, looking around. Their movement triggers light and mechanical sounds.

Lily is the only one who doesn't look.

BETTY FIELDS (cont'd)  
Are you helping, or are you just  
standing around?

LILY  
I'm trying to dream of an ice pack,  
but it's not working.

BETTY FIELDS  
Honey, you are a piece of work.  
(to Marty)  
Hey, still with us?

Marty stares at his hypercube model, thinking...

MRS. PATEL (O.C.)  
(whispering)  
When there's too much to see, close  
your eyes and listen.

MARTY  
When there's too much to see...  
(to the others)  
Hey. Listen. What do you hear.

Marty limps down on of the flights of stairs. As the lights in the steps react to his movement there come resonant industrial tones from deep within the structure.

BETTY FIELDS  
Noise.

Marty hops up a different staircase. They listen some more. Carlos and Alexander join in, walking up and down each stair way, triggering the sounds.

CARLOS  
I hear compressors. But I also hear  
something that sounds like an old  
steam engine.

ALEXANDER

It's awful

(lecturing)

I think it's meant to disorient us.  
During wartime planes will fly over  
enemy lines and play sirens and  
other sounds to scare the soldiers -  
to keep them from sleeping.

MARTY

What? No. That's not it... there's  
a pattern there... It's like...

LILY

Music.

Indeed, each shift and each industrial tone seems different  
in pitch.

MARTY

How many notes are there in a  
scale?

Lily sings and counts off on her fingers.

LILY

Do... Re... Me... Fa... So... La...  
Te... Do...  
(beat)  
Eight.

MARTY

And the last note...

LILY

Becomes is the first on the next  
scale.

MARTY

If we were to follow the scale,  
which way would we go?

LILY

(singing)  
Fa.... SOooooo.

Lily takes a step up a staircase and there is an industrial  
tone. But it is a different note. She retraces her steps.

LILY (CONT'D)

SOooooooo.

Lily takes a step down a staircase and there is an industrial tone, that is perfectly in pitch with the note Lily sings.

LILY (cont'd)  
This way.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 5

MONTAGE - MANY VIEWS OF THE STAIRS

They follow Lily's lead. Moving up one stairway and down another, following the sound of the music.

LILY  
It's more than single notes. It's  
chords... And melodies. Some  
rising. Some falling... Like the  
stairs.  
(listening)  
That's a B flat. This way.

CARLOS  
Are you sure?

LILY  
I have perfect pitch.

ANOTHER VIEW

Betty helps Marty take weary steps up the long stairs. Each step seems painful. They have fallen behind the others.

MARTY  
I don't think it's broken.

BETTY FIELDS  
I'm surprised you're walking at  
all. Put your arm on my shoulder.

MARTY  
You know. You're a pretty lady.

BETTY FIELDS  
Did you fall on your head as well  
as your foot?

MARTY  
Yes, I did actually...

She looks at the stains on his clothes.

BETTY FIELDS

That's oil paint, isn't it? Tell me about the kind of art you do.

MARTY

Well I like to think of myself as an oil painter. Abstract. Multi media. But for money I do children's...

(apologetic)

Comic Books.

BETTY FIELDS

You draw comic books? Which one?

MARTY

You wouldn't have heard of it.

BETTY FIELDS

I have two boys. One five and one eight. Try me.

MARTY

Well, the last one didn't do very well. Just a couple issues. It was called... "Miracle Boy."

Betty laughs.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I know. It's not the best title but the publishers wanted it to have a bit of "retro" feel. Nevermind.

BETTY FIELDS

No, no. Keep talking. We've got a long way to go.

Alexander, Carlos, and Lily have gotten so far ahead that the other two are dim in the strange gloomy atmosphere.

ALEXANDER

Why are we stopping?

CARLOS

We can't just leave them behind.

ALEXANDER

It doesn't make sense for us ALL to move this slowly. Does it?

CARLOS

You wanna ditch them?

ALEXANDER

Well no. But if you think about it, sadistically speaking, there's a better chance that at least some of us will get through if we split up.

LILY

Right. You want to ditch them.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 6

As Betty and Marty reach a juncture with four stairways leading in various directions, they can no longer see the others. They are too far ahead.

BETTY FIELDS

Hey! Where are you guys? Slow down!

ALEXANDER (O.C.)

We'll wait for you at the end!

Betty and Marty look in several different directions as the voice echoes oddly.

MARTY

Have you been marking your path?

Silence.

MARTY (cont'd)

HAVE YOU BEEN MARKING YOUR PATH?

ALEXANDER (O.C.)

I thought you were right behind us.

Beat. She turns to Marty.

BETTY FIELDS

Which direction is his voice coming from?

(loudly)

Say that again?

ALEXANDER (O.C.)

I said, we'll wait at the end!

Again their heads turn in different directions.

MARTY

Below us I think.

BETTY FIELDS

No they're definitely above us.

MARTY

Or both.

BETTY FIELDS

Well, do you know which direction  
to go in... because I'm tone deaf.

Marty looks up and down in various directions. He swallows.

BETTY FIELDS (cont'd)

Bastards. They just left us behind.

MARTY

I'm sure they didn't do it on  
purpose.

Beat.

BETTY FIELDS

You've got a good heart Marty, but  
it's going to get you burned in  
this place. They're only out for  
themselves.

MARTY

Maybe so. I like to give people the  
benefit of the doubt.

Betty Fields sighs.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 7

Alexander and Carlos follow Lily. The psychiatrist is  
huffing and puffing and talking incessantly. Lily listens to  
the tones.

ALEXANDER

So in that way, this whole  
structure is similar to the spatial  
portion of an I.Q. test.

CARLOS

I know you must be talking 'cause  
your mouth is moving, but all I  
hear is blah blah blah...

ALEXANDER

Nevermind. You're right. This IS  
hell.

LILY

Do you hear that? That repeating  
line? It's a fugue.

CARLOS

Is this music taking us anywhere?  
It seems like we're going in a big  
circle.

LILY

(pointing)

It's taking us somewhere.

At the end of a stairway only a few flights away is a doorway  
hovering in space. It shimmers mysteriously.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 1

Marty sits down and rubs his ankle. Alexander's voice echoes  
in the gloom.

ALEXANDER (O.C.)

That's the end. THAT'S IT!!

MARTY

(calling out to them)

Don't open the last door until we  
get there!

Marty looks down at his feet. Lying on the ground near his  
feet is a little nail with two balls of putty on the ends.

He picks the nail up and places it into the little hypercube  
model that he has been carrying. The missing piece.

Attached to the rail is a knot of red fabric.

BETTY FIELDS

Do you know where we are?

MARTY

I think I do. You're not going to  
like it.

BETTY FIELDS

Right back where we started?

Beat. Then comes the sounds of the others' hushed voices.

BETTY FIELDS (cont'd)

They sound like they're only about  
twenty yards that way. Can't we  
just cut over?

MARTY

How? The stairs don't get there  
from here.



BEAT. She stares at him, thinking.

BETTY FIELDS  
You look like you have a lot of  
upper body strength.

She touches his arm.

MARTY  
Are you hitting on me?

BETTY FIELDS  
Your feet aren't working too well.  
Let's try using our arms.  
(beat)  
On your feet Miracle Boy.

MARTY  
I knew I shouldn't have told you  
that.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 8

Alexander, Carlos and Lily reach the last shimmering door.  
Carlos grasps the handle but hesitates.

CARLOS  
Are we really going to wait?

ALEXANDER  
You heard them. They're back at the  
beginning. It could take them  
hours. They might NEVER get here.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL ONE - ROOM 5

Using the hand railing of an upside down ladder, Betty Fields  
and Marty crawl along like children on monkey bars. As when  
they were walking, dim lights on the steps are triggered as  
they move.

BETTY FIELDS  
You ever done any rock climbing?  
You have the balance for it.

MARTY  
I'll have to try it. First thing  
when we get out.

BETTY FIELDS  
It's a date.

Betty clings to an upside down platform and scrambles to another hand rail. They walk across it like train tracks. Marty has to crawl along on his hands and knees.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 8

Lily grabs the handle and starts to turn it. The sounds of the machines kick in. Clicks and Whirs.

LILY  
I'm tired of waiting.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 7 - INTERCUT

Marty and Betty Fields, crawl on to a platform. Betty makes it to the side of a platform and urges him on.

BETTY FIELDS  
We're okay "Miracle Boy." Keep coming. Keep coming.

Suddenly, there comes the OMINOUS ROAR OF MACHINES. Gravity suddenly shifts 180 degrees.

Marty grabs hold of a nearby railing, but BETTY FIELDS FALLS.

She flies through the air and then makes a quick left hand turn and falls sideways into the darkness. Her scream gets softer and softer as she falls further away, THEN LOUDER.

She reappears and FALLS PAST MARTY AGAIN, back into the void.

There are sickening metal clinks and clangs as she bounces and rebounds sickeningly off a stairway here and a platform there. But Marty can see nothing.

Then there is silence.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 8

As Lily pulls open the door, suddenly ALL the lights on all the stairs fade up, momentarily illuminating the entire environment.

It looks like an infinite grid of cube shaped rooms extending FOREVER in all directions. Thousands of STAIRWAYS crisscross the grid leading to various small PLATFORMS. The environment has the look of an etching by M.C. Escher.

Repeating in every fourth room to infinity, they can see numerous copies of themselves. Some are upside down, some are backwards, and many are sideways, the figures standing on the "walls" of distant rooms.

They can also see, lying on a distant platform (repeated over and over) the crumpled, broken body of Betty Fields.

ON MARTY

He hangs on for dear life. His terrified expression changes to one of firm resolve. He swings back and forth and JUMPS in the direction of another platform.

Suddenly the LIGHTS GO OUT. He flies in an odd direction. Spinning. Tumbling out of control.

SMACK! His head hits a rail and he continues to fall...

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FOUR - ROOM 8

He lands on a platform with a THUMP!

Several feet away Lily, Alexander and Carlos are stepping through the mysterious door. They look back at him with surprised expressions.

CARLOS  
How'd he get here?

MARTY'S POV

His head spins as the men reach down and drag him along to the mysterious door. He passes out and we FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FIVE - ROOM 1

FADE IN: CLOSE ON MARTY

He wakes up. Groggy. Looking around, he finds himself in a familiar cube-shaped room. Although exactly the same in design as the other rooms we have seen, this one looks BROKEN DOWN. Many of the panels are black with soot and oil. Water drips from above.

Carlos has lost it. He screams, grunts and kicks the walls in frustration.

Alexander examines the wound on the back of Marty's head.

ALEXANDER  
You may have a concussion. But it  
looks worse than it is. Head wounds  
just tend to bleed a lot.  
(beat)  
Look up into the light.

The doctor examines Marty's eyes and then ties a torn section of Marty's shirt around his head as a bandage.

MARTY

We should have gone back for her.

ALEXANDER

She fell over thirteen stories. I'm sorry but...

Alexander puts a finishing touch on a splint on Marty's ankle made from a metal strip and scraps of cloth. Lily stares.

LILY

You're a mess.

The mechanic continues thrashing around wildly.

ALEXANDER

Hey Carlos, could you kick and scream a little louder because that really seems to be helping.

Carlos walks up close to the smaller, frail man and gets right up in his face.

CARLOS

It sounded like you were being sarcastic with me?

ALEXANDER

(nervous)

Well, I think it was more "ironic" than "sarcastic", but...

CARLOS

Okay smart guy. You wanna know what I think of smart guys?

Carlos POUNDS a metal panel above Alexander's head. It rattles off its bolts and falls to the ground revealing spinning GEARS and BELTS and WHEELS behind the wall. It looks like the interior of a GIGANTIC POCKET WATCH. Carlos stares at it curiously.

Lily stares at Marty. He seems catatonic.

LILY

What are we going to do with him?

MARTY'S POV

He is dizzy. He sees double. The room spins and the others' voices seem to echo from far away.

He looks at the HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE WALL, the same arcane patterns we have seen previously. He hears a voice.

MRS. PATEL (O.C.)  
(whispering)  
What the eye can see are only  
reflections. Only shadows. Look  
beyond the shadows to the  
underlying form.

The geometric shapes and runes vibrate and double up as he looks at stares at them. The images DISSOLVE INTO...

VISION OF THE HYPERCUBE

The eight cubes in the cross FOLD TOGETHER becoming identical to the model of the HYPERCUBE. It turns and undulates.

MRS. PATEL (CONT'D)  
See a NEW pattern... beyond height,  
beyond breadth, beyond depth.

BACK TO ROOM 1

Marty snaps out of his trance. He has a look of excitement, almost euphoria on his face.

MARTY  
I see it.

CARLOS  
See what.

MARTY  
I see the pattern. The hypercube. I  
can visualize it. I can get us out!

ALEXANDER  
Sure you can. Try not to talk.

MARTY  
No. Listen. The architecture of  
this place is all mapped out right  
here. Look at these pictures!

Marty runs his fingers over the intricate patterns of cubes, squares and circles that decorate the walls.

CARLOS

It looks like wallpaper to me.

MARTY

It looks flat because you're  
looking at it through 3 dimensional  
glasses... If you relax your eyes  
and let the shapes come together...  
(staring at the wall)  
It's so SIMPLE.

Lily whispers something to Alexander.

ALEXANDER

I think he's hallucinating.

MARTY

No. I'm not. I can see the whole  
place in my head. Eight rooms.  
Eight cubes. Eight notes.  
(beat)  
Eight LEVELS. And the last level  
becomes the first... THE OUTSIDE.  
(beat)  
Come on, listen to me. We're almost  
through it. Just two more levels  
after this one and we're out!

CARLOS

You see all that in the walls?

MARTY

These are just projections.  
Shadows. Look at the pattern...

ALEXANDER

You know, I AM noticing a pattern.

MARTY

What's that? What do you see?

ALEXANDER

On every level one of us seems to  
die.

Beat.

MARTY

I think that's just a coincidence.

ALEXANDER

Really? You say we have to get through SEVEN levels before we get to the last level... the outside.

MARTY

Look at the diagram. Everything is based on cycles of eight.

ALEXANDER

Well, there were eight of us inside this thing when we started. If one person dies on each level then only one is going to get out alive.

MARTY

I don't think so. It's just a machine. Everything seems automated.

Marty stands up and limps feebly towards the West door.

ALEXANDER

What if there's someone running the machine, picking us off one by one?

MARTY

What for? What would be the point of that?

Once again, Carlos flips out.

CARLOS

The point? You tell me what "the point" is. What's THE FUCKING POINT of all this!?

Beat.

MARTY

I don't know.

(beat)

But I think I DO know the way out. And nobody else has to die.

Marty turns the latch of the west door.

ALEXANDER

Well let's just see how many of us make it to level six.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FIVE - ROOM 2

Marty steps into the room and looks back through the door at the others. To his surprise they move in SLOW MOTION.

MARTY

Hello? Guys, what's going on in there?

They don't respond. They just stare through the door with baffled expressions.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FIVE - ROOM 1

The three others watch the MARTY move in extremely FAST MOTION, zipping from one side of the room to the other.

LILY

Ha ha. Look at him go!

Then he zips through the door, back into room one. He is moving at a normal rate of speed.

MARTY

You guys have to hurry up! I've been waiting in there for like 10 minutes.

ALEXANDER

You were gone less than a minute.

Beat. Carlos stares through the door to the next room.

CARLOS

Time is moving faster in that room.

MARTY

Yeah, seems like it. That's surprising.

LILY

At this point it wouldn't surprise me if you suddenly turned into a porpoise.

The doctor watches each of the others climb through the door and burst into fast motion.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FIVE - ROOM 1

Alexander is the last one through the door. Carlos is looking into the dark innards of the wall behind a bent back panel.



CARLOS  
I see something.

MARTY  
What?

CARLOS  
This gear in this room fits into  
that gear in the next room, but the  
gear in that room is smaller.  
(beat)  
So it moves faster. It's like the  
gear box of a car. Do you see what  
I'm saying?

LILY  
Like the gears of a watch...

CARLOS  
Sure. That's it. A big watch.

MARTY  
How fast are they moving in that  
room?

Carlos looks at the system of gears.

CARLOS  
Well. Each gear's about 3 times as  
big... Uhm. 3 times 3 is 9 times 3  
is 27. What's 3 times 27?

LILY  
81.

CARLOS  
It's moving 81 times faster in that  
room.

Beat.

ALEXANDER  
Maybe you could help me here. I'm a  
little "slow" and I'm not following  
the importance of all this.

MARTY  
Time in that room is moving 81  
times faster.

LILY  
Let's not go in that room.

Carlos bends back a panel on a different wall and looks in.

CARLOS

It looks like that room's only  
moving like 2 or 3 times faster.

MARTY

We'll try that one.

Marty climbs through the portal. As soon as he enters the other room, he moves in accelerated motion, zipping down the ladder and stepping onto the floor in a few seconds.

He waves the others forward, urging them forward like comedian in a silent movie shown by a hyperactive projectionist.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FIVE - ROOM 3 - CONTINUOUS

He looks up at the others as they follow him in painfully slow motion.

MARTY

Oh. This is going to take a while.

INT. ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Carlos climbs down, zipping into fast motion as he enters the room. Lily follows right behind him.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FIVE - ROOM 4

As they continue to travel from room to room, missing panels reveal more spinning gears. Some are moving faster and some are moving more slowly. Carlos examines them.

As Marty limps across the room, he momentarily SNAPS INTO SLOW MOTION as he passes near THE SHADOW of a slowly moving gear. As he gets by it, he returns to normal speed.

CARLOS

Hey, watch out for that patch.  
Something is fucked up.

Marty backs away, but he steps near THE SHADOW of a quickly moving gear and, for two paces, he zips into FAST MOTION and then snaps back to normal speed.

CARLOS (cont'd)

Woah. You just went into  
hyperdrive, man.

Across the wall the shadow of a gigantic gear is cast. It turns in discrete CLICKS.

ALEXANDER  
(looking around)  
What's casting that shadow? There's  
no light source. I don't see a  
gear.

CARLOS  
Just stay away from it, doc.

MARTY  
It's a shadow from a gear on a  
different plane than ours. Remember  
that the machines are 4-  
dimensional.

ALEXANDER  
(frustrated)  
Thanks for clearing that up.

Lily giggles and jumps in the "fast motion" area, dancing at  
"hyperspeed" until Carlos reaches in and pulls her out.

CARLOS  
Cut that out.

Lily giggles and whispers something in Alexander's ear. He  
looks a bit startled and disturbed.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FIVE - ROOM 5

Marty and Alexander wait for Carlos and Lily to follow them  
through the door into ROOM 5. The two in ROOM 4 are moving in  
extremely slow motion.

Alexander holds the door open impatiently.

ALEXANDER  
I'm worried about her. She REALLY  
believes she's dreaming.

MARTY  
I don't exactly blame her.

ALEXANDER  
Yes, but don't you think that makes  
her a little dangerous?

MARTY  
Dangerous?

ALEXANDER

Nothing is "real" to her. Not us.  
Not this place. It's like a  
narcissistic personality disorder.  
(softly)  
Anyway, she's been saying things to  
me that are... WILDLY inappropriate  
to our situation.

MARTY

What exactly is "appropriate to  
this situation"?

The doctor is stumped.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Let's give her the benefit of the  
doubt.

As Carlos makes it through the door, he snaps into normal  
motion. The doctor absent mindedly lets go of the door.

ALEXANDER

You have no IDEA how long we were  
waiting?

MARTY

DON'T LET THAT...!

But the door SLIDES SHUT.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I told you to hold that open!

ALEXANDER

Hey. Relax. It's just the door.

Before Marty can stop him, the doctor turns the latch of the  
door and tries and opens it. Immediately the OMINOUS ROAR OF  
MACHINES rumbles from the deep.

The SHADOW of a massive gear moves behind them.

MARTY

God DAMN IT! What's the rule?  
WHAT'S THE ONE RULE WE'VE LEARNED  
IN THIS PLACE?!

The doctor is dumbfounded.

CARLOS

Don't open a door to a room you've  
already been in.

ALEXANDER

But that was just... I...  
(looking at the door)  
Oh. Right. I'm really sorry.

As the industrial sounds continue to churn, several invisible gears cast spinning shadows. One moves so fast that it turns into a blur.

Carlos's arm strays too close to a spinning shadow, and it zips into fast motion, almost smacking him in the face.

MARTY

Careful. Stay away from the gears.

ALEXANDER

I really want to get out of this room.

MARTY

Just wait. We're NOT leaving her.

Through the window, they watch Lily move through ROOM 4 in slow motion.

ALEXANDER

Why is it taking her so long? Did we take that long?

There is another loud industrial groan and the room shakes a little, and then the sounds die down. Marty takes a step backwards and his foot vibrates strangely.

MARTY

Ohhh...!

Marty hops forward and grabs his foot. Near where he had stepped a metal panel has peeled back and a visible metal gear is spinning rapidly.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Watch out for that patch there.

CARLOS

Are you all right?

MARTY

Yeah. I'm fine.

Marty pulls off his splint and moves his foot around and around.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Actually, my foot feels great. It  
cured my foot! It's NOT SPRAINED.

Marty jumps up and down on his foot, delighted. Carlos walks  
over to the area where Marty had just stepped.

CARLOS  
Let me try that.

MARTY  
You'd better not.

CARLOS  
Why not? My hand's all busted up. I  
mean as long as we're waiting...

Carlos sticks his cut and bruised fist near the wildly  
spinning gear and his fingers begin to shake. He leaves it  
there for several moments, then tugs it away and SCREAMS.

ALEXANDER  
What happened?

CARLOS  
It fucking burned me or something.

Alexander looks at the man's hand.

ALEXANDER  
It's not burned. It's... It's...

CLOSE ON THE HAND

It is wrinkled, bony and much thinner than the other hand  
with bony misshapen knuckles.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
It's... OLD.

CARLOS  
Oh God... it hurts.

ALEXANDER  
Would you believe arthritis?  
(beat)  
Look. Those are liver spots. The  
hairs are grey. Look at the skin.  
(beat)  
Your hand has aged 50 years.

MARTY  
(swallowing)  
Remind me NOT to look at my foot.

The machines start groaning again. They all look around in trepidation at the shadows of spinning gears.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
We've got to get out of this room.

As Lily finally gets through the door, and snaps back to normal speed..

MARTY (cont'd)  
WATCH OUT!

Lily is about to step into the "bad area", but she stops in her tracks. There is a section across the room, perpendicular to the widely spinning gear, that is rapidly changing color.

LILY  
What?

ON THE SECTION

The metal on the floor is rusting and corroding before their eyes. A thin scrap of steel curls, rusts and crumbles into dust. Aging decades in a matter of seconds.

MARTY  
Don't move. Don't step into that.

LILY  
What do I do?

The affected area begins to expand, it creeps closer and closer to Lily, backing her into a corner.

LILY (CONT'D)  
HELP ME!!!

Carlos picks up a heavy iron pin lying near his feet, and he HURLS IT AT THE WILDLY SPINNING GEAR!

There is an ear splitting CLANK. The iron pin lodges in the teeth of the spinning gear, stopping it dead.

The whole room groans and vibrates, but the wildly spinning gear has stopped dead. Even the shadows have stopped turning.

CARLOS  
Come on. Cross over!!

Lily takes a few hesitant steps forward. Extending her trembling hand in front of her.

The gear suddenly turns a few notches and stops again. The iron pin is bending under the strain.

CARLOS (cont'd)  
Hurry up!

But Lily is frozen in fear.

All at once Carlos dashes across the section and DRAGS Lily to the other side.

As the four people scramble through the door to get out of the room, there is an EXPLOSION. Smoke and flashing light. Metal bits fly like shrapnel.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FIVE - ROOM 6

Holding each other's hands they move through the door in one continuous chain. Zipping into the next room.

MARTY  
Who would of thought you'd be a hero.

CARLOS  
Shut up.

MARTY  
Where is the best place to go?

Carlos looks from room to room. At gears behind panels. At the impossibly large shadows.

CARLOS  
I can't tell. Too many gears.

Marty closes his eyes for a moment. Visualizing. Getting his bearings. Trying to block out the roar of the machines.

MARTY  
This way.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL FIVE - ROOM 7

As they run from one side of the room to another, they zip in faster motion...

... Then they hit an area where they slow down to slow motion...



... And then speed up again.

They keep running, dodging spinning shadows. Marty looks in one direction and then another. The machines get louder.

MARTY

This is room seven. We need to go down. Will that work?

Carlos looks shell shocked.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Come on. Look at the gears... Is it safe?

He doesn't respond. Marty opens the door on the floor, ushers Lily through and then follows after her.

Carlos is still standing... Frozen and mumbling to himself.

The wildly spinning SHADOWS look as if they were cast from moving headlights through ceiling fans. Or cascading blinds. Shadows of the mysterious machines.

ALEXANDER

HURRY UP! What's wrong with you?

Carlos turns to face the Doctor. A horrifying sight is revealed...

Half Carlos's face and body is old, over a hundred. The other half hasn't aged at all. He looks at Alexander with a pathetic grin.

CARLOS

The gears got me.

ALEXANDER

(revolted)

Oh my God. Oh my God.

Carlos takes a few steps towards the door, dragging the old feeble half of his body along. The doctor doesn't move.

ALEXANDER (cont'd)

(from the door)

Come on. Hurry.

He reaches out desperately with his hand... and gets it CAUGHT in a section of space...

CARLOS

Help me.

His hand and forearm stick near to a wildly spinning shadow/gear. The arm shrivels, rots and wrinkles to bone.

ALEXANDER

I can't. ...I'm sorry.

He falls to the floor. The bottom half of his body ages centuries in seconds and crumbles to dust, like a vampire hit by sunlight.

Alexander drops through the doorway.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SIX - ROOM 1

They find themselves in a room exactly like the ones in previous levels, except that this one looks even MORE grimy, rusty and dilapidated. On the floor there are triangular fragments of metal that have fallen from the walls.

There are NO DOORS impeding movement from room to room. Just open portals.

MARTY

Where is... Did he...?

The the doctor shakes his head. Marty holds the bandage on his temple.

MARTY (cont'd)

Damn it. That didn't have to happen. THAT DIDN'T HAVE TO HAPPEN!

There is a boom and a grinding of gears from somewhere in the distance. Then the sounds groan to a halt.

LILY

Do you get the feeling that we broke something?

ALEXANDER

I smell burning oil.

LILY

It's just playing the same two notes over and over...

ALEXANDER

It sure sounds busted to me.

Lily paces back and forth.

LILY

I want to wake up. I want to wake  
up now.

(slapping her own face)

WAKE UP!

ARTISTS

It's okay. We're okay.

Marty strides from door to door, looking inside. From one door comes an ambient glow of blue. From another, crimson.

Delighted with himself, Marty laughs.

MARTY

This level is easy. There are no  
doors. We can SEE The colors. Do  
you see? Every room is a different  
color.

With a manic grin on his face Marty counts off on his fingers.

MARTY (CONT'D)

This room is yellow... We follow  
the color wheel. Yellow. Orange.  
Red. Violet. Purple. Blue. Green  
and then back to yellow.

(beat)

My God this is the easiest level  
yet. A CHILD could get this one.

The machines chug for second like an old car engine. Then there is a HORRIBLE SNAPPING noise.

ALEXANDER

I having trouble sharing your  
enthusiasm.

About ten feet away from them, in an area of space about the size of a beach ball, little fissures and cracks appear, like the air itself was fractured crystal.

MARTY

Come on let's start moving.

LILY

Wait. LOOK!

Lily is fascinated by the area. It's like looking into a sparkling splintered prism.

LILY (CONT'D)  
It's breaking the world up into  
pieces.

ALEXANDER  
Don't get too close.

MARTY  
Yeah. Come on. Let's get going. I  
bet I can get us through this level  
in 10 minutes flat.

Lily walks around the fragmented area. And looks through it  
at the others. She sees multiple triangular viewpoints, like  
the reflection in a shattered mirror.

LILY  
You look like a Picasso.

From the West door there comes a rusty-orange glow.

MARTY  
Come on. That way. Hurry.

Alexander is the first through the door. Lily stares at the  
sparkling crystal until Marty tugs her arm.

MARTY (cont'd)  
Come on.

LILY  
(smiling at him)  
... and then there were three.

Beat. Marty examines her oddly cold expression.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SIX - ROOM 2

The three travel through the ORANGE ROOM quickly, adjusting  
for the changes in gravity from room to room.

Marty seems to know EXACTLY where he is going, moving from  
one color to the next. Orange to Red.

ALEXANDER  
You really think we're getting out.

MARTY  
Of course. No question in my mind.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SIX - ROOM 3

As Marty picks the next room, Lily unknowingly walks past a little fragmented area of space the size of a football.

She looks down at her hand. It seems broken into a hundred little triangular pieces.

She quickly pulls her hand back out of the area, as if snake bitten. But when she looks at her fingers they are fine. Unbroken, unaffected. It gives her the shivers.

MARTY

I think we're in luck. If the machines are broken... whatever traps are on this level probably aren't working.

Suddenly the sound of machines, like a car engine on a cold morning, whir and chug for a moment and then STALL. A couple of triangular chunks of metal fall from somewhere and hit the floor with a loud CLANG and a puddle of oil.

MARTY (cont'd)

... but let's keep moving.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SIX - ROOM 4

Lily and Alexander follow Marty into the next room, which has a red-violet hue. Marty stops in the center of the room. He is perplexed.

ALEXANDER

Which way now?

MARTY

Well you're not going to like it.

ALEXANDER

Tell me.

MARTY

Purple.

Alexander looks from door to door. From each portal comes a subtle glow from the room beyond it. Yellow. Red. Green...

BLOCKING THE WAY to the purple room is a fragmented area of space. Lily looks at it with fascination.

Alexander picks up a scrap of metal, a piece of stripping about three feet long, like a ruler.

He pokes the metal stick into the fragmented area. As it seems to break into several short pieces, each piece extending through a different triangular portion of space.

Then he pulls it out. The ruler is unbroken.

ALEXANDER

It doesn't seem to actually break anything. I think we can climb through it.

(beat)

We'll just close our eyes and feel our way through.

He passes the ruler through, and again it seems unaffected.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Try going through.

Beat.

MARTY

Why me? YOU try it.

ALEXANDER

Let's not be childish about this. You're the leader here.

MARTY

Oh, I'm the "leader" am I?

Lily watches the two men argue with growing impatience.

ALEXANDER

Or we could just sit here and do nothing. Either way.

Marty steps towards the fragmented area, stepping right and then left, looking at the multiple views of the doorway.

He raises his hand to stick it in the area, but he hesitates.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Go on. I'm sure it's fine.

MARTY

You're sure it's fine. The last time someone stuck his hand in the wrong place, it shriveled up like a raisin.

With sweat running down his brow, Marty moves his hand closer and CLOSER to the portion of shattered space.

Alexander watches... holding his breath.

LILY  
Okay, you guys are killing me.

Suddenly, Lily steps forward, pushes Marty aside, closes her eyes tightly, and walks straight into it.

As the she passes through, dozens of FRAGMENTS OF HER BODY, appear at different points... moving like a ghost through a massive diamond.

ALEXANDER  
Are you all right?

In one fragment we see her face. In another fragment, her hand. Another fragment seems to contain some part of her lungs. Another her intestines.

Yet she seems unaffected by the fragmenting.

LILY (O.C.)  
Now this is TRIPPY.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SIX - ROOM 5

Lily stands at the other end of the portal.

LILY  
(impatient)  
Come on. What are you waiting for?  
It's normal on the other side.

Marty closes his eyes and passes through quickly. Splitting into a thousand triangular pieces and then coming back together on the other side.

MARTY  
That's really disorienting.

ROOM 4 - INTERCUT

Alexander breathes deeply. He stands back and takes a running start. He YELLS as he goes through...

ROOM 5

... And scrambles to the other side, stumbling to the floor of the purple room.

ALEXANDER  
Well, that wasn't so bad.

As they move quickly to the next door...

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SIX - ROOM 6

Marty walks from door to door. The other two wait.

MARTY

Okay. That room is yellow green.

(pointing)

But that one is more of a blue  
green. We go that way.

Alexander and Lily are whispering back and forth about something. Marty can't hear.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Come on you guys.

Beat. Lily and Alexander look at each other for a moment before following. They avoid an area of fractured space.

Then all at once the MACHINES GROAN BACK TO LIFE. The lines and fissures in space seem to disappear. The gear slides back into its normal geometric shape; the wall reassembles itself.

Then the sounds of the motors STALL. As the gear grinds to a halt, THREE TRIANGULAR pieces fall to the ground.

ALEXANDER

I told you to be careful.

Where the triangular fragments used to be there are little triangular HOLES in the wall. There are even little black triangular holes in space itself.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SIX - ROOM 7

As they pass through the green room, Lily notices MORE TRIANGULAR METAL fragments littering the floor. She picks one up and examines it with fascination.

Unlike the other rooms. This room has a door. It is surrounded by bits of fractured space. Like a porthole imbedded in crystal.

ALEXANDER

The next level?

MARTY

It's gotta be. I told you this was  
gonna be easy.

Marty tries to turn the handle, but the door won't budge.



ALEXANDER  
It's locked?

MARTY  
Maybe it's broken too. Whatever the machines were supposed to be doing on this level... isn't happening.

Marty unwraps the blood soaked bandage around his head. Most of his clothing is covered in soot, oil and dried blood.

MARTY (cont'd)  
Hey, do you have a clean piece of clothing that I could use to...

The musician's clothes are scant and in tatters.

LILY  
Do I look like I have any to spare?

MARTY  
Never mind. I'm fine.

Marty presses the oily, soaked rag back against his temple.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Maybe it will just take some time for the level to change. Maybe we just have to wait.

Alexander tugs at the door latch, grunting and groaning as he pulls. Finally he flails about in a complete tantrum, shaking his fist at the ceiling.

ALEXANDER  
Hey you! Yeah you! I know your there! How's the little experiment going? Are we performing as expected? Are you getting the results you were hoping for?  
(beat)  
Asshole! Sonofabictch! Motherfuck!

MARTY  
Save your breath. There's nobody out there.  
(beat)  
Maybe this place had a point once, but it's old and it's falling apart now. Whoever made it is long gone.

Alexander falls on to the ground like an exhausted child at a shopping mall.

ALEXANDER

Can we just rest here for a second?  
I feel like we've just walked the  
stairs of the Sears tower.

MARTY

I don't think we have a choice.

The little fragmented area of space is about the size of a  
beach ball. Larger than it was moments earlier.

LILY

The broken pieces are growing.

MARTY'S POV - TIME LAPSE

We DISSOLVE over the growing cubist patches in the room. They  
grow, the fracture lines extending further and further out  
into the room.

INT. LEVEL SIX - ROOM SEVEN - LATER

We DISSOLVE over different angles as they sit and wait. And  
wait. And wait and wait.

Alexander is dead asleep and snoring. Lily sits down beside  
Marty. He looks half asleep himself.

LILY

You know why we're stuck?

MARTY

No.

LILY

I think you do.

(beat)

There are three of us.

MARTY

You think he's right. You think one  
of us has to die on each level.

LILY

Maybe this time we can choose who  
that is.

Beat. Marty stares at her.

MARTY

And what do we do after we get  
through the door? There's one more  
level to go.

LILY  
Maybe you're wrong. Maybe this is  
the last level.

ALEXANDER  
Maybe if we don't trust each other  
and work together, we'll ALL die.

Lily's smile is condescending.

LILY  
You are so... earnest.

MARTY  
Get some sleep Lily.

LILY  
I am. Even as we speak.

Marty closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO: ALEXANDER

Lily presses her hand on his shoulder, strokes his arm, and  
then clasps her fingers around his hand. As he wakes up, she  
whispers something in his ear.

ALEXANDER  
You picking a very strange time to  
flirt with me...

She kisses him on the cheek. The doctor is a bit flustered.  
Marty is asleep in the far corner of the room.

ALEXANDER (cont'd)  
I don't think it would be right of  
me to take advantage of...

Beat. She kisses him again, more deeply, on the lips.

LILY  
I need you to help me with  
something.

ON THE CUBIST FRACTURES

The little fissures in space expand, bit by bit, like cracks  
in the ice on the surface of a pond.

ON LILY'S HANDS

They run over Alexander's cheeks and lips. Caress his  
shoulders. Run down his chest.

As she kisses his chin and neck, the view splits into two. A fissure snakes across the space in front of them.

#### MONTAGE - CUBIST REFLECTIONS

As the two pet and caress and strip off their clothing, we see dozens of different views of their body parts.

Seventeen shoulders slide against seven bare chests. A groan escapes from eleven open mouths. Countless hands fondle, press and stroke.

As the two make love, we can see hundreds of fragments of it, as if we were looking at it through the shards of a broken mirror. A hundred points of view, all at once. Cubism.

We INTERCUT OVER myriad views of Lily's and Alexander's lips as they WHISPER to each other.

ALEXANDER

But I don't know... I... I don't think I can do it.

LILY

Shhhh. You're ruining my dream.

#### CUBIST VIEWS

Lily and Alexander creep slowly towards the sleeping Artist. They each hold sharp metal fragments like a knives.

We see hundreds of views through hundreds of triangular spatial fragments, as if Marty were surrounded by a hundred stalkers with daggers raised.

Suddenly the machines kick into motion. Motors and hydraulics spring to life. Every square inch of the space around them SHATTERS...

... And then SNAPS BACK INTO PLACE. As the machines chirp again, the lines and fissures breaking up space dissolve.

Alexander stands for a second with a baffled look on his face. He looks down at the tiny "fragment" that sits on the floor. It's a red block about the size of a softball.

The Doctor falls to his knees in front of the fragment, stares at it with odd amusement, and then falls to the floor.

Marty sits up, bewildered. Lily runs to the door. Around them the machines are SCREECHING.

LILY  
(to Marty)  
Come with me. It's time to go.

Lily quickly pulls on the door and IT OPENS. She pops up into the portal...

MARTY  
(waking up, confused)  
Wait! What happened?

Marty, rushes to where the Doctor is lying motionless.

LILY  
(going through the door)  
Just leave him.

He rolls him over and scoops him into his arms. But as he struggles to his feet, holding the lifeless body, he looks down at the red fragment...

A fragment of space containing the dead man's heart. It beats and beats and BEATS.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 1

At the center of a yawning abyss is a tiny open door, and Marty climbs through it. He looks tiny and insignificant against the infinite void of darkness.

Then suddenly there is a musical HUM of the machines. Sparking electricity creates a STROBOSCOPIC EFFECT, momentarily revealing a cube-shaped room.

The metal is corroded. There are puddles of oil and jets of steam. SHADOWS of gigantic mechanical levers play on the walls.

There is an EXPLOSION from deep within the structure. It shakes the room violently. Then there is only darkness around him.

The artist CLOSES HIS EYES.

MARTY'S VISION - INTERCUT

He sees the shifting, rotating hypercube. The complex, elegant geometric image UNFOLDS into the intricate pattern of cubes from the HIEROGLYPHICS. One cube is highlighted.

MRS. PATEL (O.C.)  
Look beyond the shadows.

LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 1 - BACK TO SCENE

Marty smiles and walks across the room to a ladder.

MARTY

Yes. I can see it.

He continues up the ladder until he reaches a DOOR. He turns the latch. As he opens the door. Alarms squeal like steam whistles.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 2

MONTAGE - MANY VIEWS OF MARTY

One moment he is running across a "floor". The next moment he is running up a vertical panel and across a "ceiling."

He jumps from fast motion to slow motion. The SHADOWS of spinning wheels and hydraulic arms rotate in the murky background.

He catches a glimpse of SOMETHING ENORMOUS pass by him. For a moment it reflects his image from dozens of different views. There is a RESONANT TONE like a church organ. Then it vanishes.

He opens another door and darts inside.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 3

Undulating patterns light from the invisible machines illuminate the smokes.

Another EXPLOSION shakes the room. Marty yelps.

LILY (O.C.)

Hello? HELLO?

MARTY

Hello! Where are you?

LILY (O.C.)

I... I... don't know where I am.

MARTY

What happened to you?

LILY (O.C.)

I went through the door and then I fell. I... I... I can't see you.

MARTY

I'm two rooms left of the first  
room.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 5

The young woman is completely disoriented by a pulsing strobe  
and falling water. She is clutching a ladder, terrified of  
falling into the abyss.

The structure seems to be falling apart around her.

LILY

I... I... Don't know where that is.  
I can't see any of the rooms I'm  
completely lost. Help me.

MARTY (O.C.)

When there's nothing to see, follow  
the sound. Just listen.

Lily closes her eyes, and her trembling stops.

Under the rhythmic churning of the machines, she can hear  
music. A rising scale. She opens her eyes and takes a breath.  
Very slowly rung by rung she climbs the ladder.

MARTY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Can you hear it?

LILY

Yes.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 3

There is an eerie silence, flashing light of distant  
electricity, and voices in the gloom.

LILY (O.C.)

There are too many notes. I can't  
follow them.

MARTY

Then watch for the color. What  
color do you see?

LILY (O.C.)

Like a purplish grey.

MARTY

And behind you?

LILY (O.C.)  
It's too dark... Red I think.

MARTY  
Then you want to move to your  
right. Don't panic.

LILY (O.C.)  
(panicking)  
I can't see anything! There IS no  
floor! I'm going to fall!

MARTY  
(closing his eyes)  
No you're not. It's all right. I  
can visualize your position. I can  
talk you through this.

LILY (O.C.)  
Okay.

MARTY  
The floor is there. You just can't  
see it. Close your eyes and feel  
your way.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 6

Lily's expression is NOT one of panic. Rather it is one of  
cold calculation and determination. She still holds the  
triangular fragment of metal.

LILY  
Just stay where you are. I'll find  
my way to you.

MARTY (O.C.)  
Don't follow my voice! It will take  
you in the wrong direction.

LILY  
Okay. So I should wait?

MARTY (O.C.)  
No keep moving. Nothing is stable.  
The machines are rotating in and  
out of our plane.

Lily scrambles across a panel that appears and disappears.  
She clings to a ladder. Her eyes are closed as she listens to  
the music. She sings along with the interlocking melodies. It  
seems to calm her.



Suddenly SOMETHING MASSIVE passes over her head. She catches a glimpse of it. There is a RESONANT TONE like a church organ that shakes the entire room.

Its mirrored surfaces reflect her horrified expression from dozens of angles. Slicing through space.

Then it is gone.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
You are seeing shadows, only  
shadows of 4 dimensional objects.

LILY (O.C.)  
Well a shadow almost took off my  
head!

Marty looks around nervously.

MARTY  
Yeah. Watch out for that thing.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 5 - CONTINUOUS

As gravity shifts, the artist RUNS up a wall and grabs a ladder. He seems to JUMP and SKIP to different parts of the room as the electricity flickers.

MARTY  
Okay now. Just keep going. We'll  
meet up in the last room.

LILY (O.C.)  
Please don't leave me behind.

MARTY  
Leave you behind? Hey, you're  
further along than I am.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 7

Gravity shifts. She crawls across a ceiling panel. Oil and sludge oozes out of the rattling panels. There is another EXPLOSION shaking the structure.

Lily loses her footing and FALLS INTO THE VOID. For a moment she is weightless, surrounded by darkness. She flails and screams. Falling through smoke and flashing light.

Then she finds herself lying flat on her back on the floor of another room.

MARTY (O.C.)  
Are you okay?

LILY  
No. I slipped. I hurt myself.

MARTY (O.C.)  
Where are you? What do you see?

LILY  
Rusty orange. The walls are orange.

MARTY (O.C.)  
That's good. THAT'S GREAT. You're  
in the last room. Can you see the  
door?

Lily sees a shimmering door ten feet above her.

LILY  
Yes! I see it. And I can see you  
too.

Not far away, among the murky shapes throbbing in the gloom,  
she can see a figure.

MARTY  
Well wait for me to catch up. The  
door might only open once.

Lily runs her finger over her jagged blade.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - HIGH ABOVE

The artist moves quickly down a ladder.

NEAR THE LAST DOOR

Lily climbs up to the strange door. It is shimmering like  
others we have seen on levels before.

She tries to turn the latch but it won't budge. She tugs and  
tugs and curses under her breath.

LILY  
Don't worry. I'll wait for you.

Marty approaches.

MARTY  
(relieved)  
That's it. That's the last door.  
I'm sure of it.

LILY  
It won't open.

MARTY  
Just be patient.

LILY  
Yes. Of course.

MARTY  
I know what you're thinking. The  
Doctor was wrong. We're both going  
to get out of here.

LILY  
Yes. Of course we are.

Lily tries the door again, but it won't budge.

MARTY  
Just please don't panic. That's the  
reason people died. They got scared  
and didn't think.  
(earnest)  
We can beat this machine. But we  
have to stick together.

LILY  
Yes. I trust you.

Lily clutches the long, sharp fragment of metal out of view.  
Marty reaches the ladder just below Lily and starts to climb.

LILY (cont'd)  
You try and open it. Maybe I'm not  
strong enough.

Marty reaches up and tries to turn the latch on the door. It  
won't budge. Lily clings to the ladder beside him.

Around them the bright shapes are pulsing light and dark,  
creating an psychedelic pattern. It's as if the shapes in the  
hieroglyphics had come to life, dancing over the walls.

MARTY  
Maybe we just have to wait for this  
cycle to complete itself.  
(seeing something)  
Let's watch out for that...

He sees a glimpse of the MASSIVE OBJECT rise from the chaos,  
reflecting dozens of different views of him clutching the  
ladder.

He can also see a reflection of Lily holding up a JAGGED  
PIECE OF METAL.

Lily attempts to drive HER KNIFE between the artist's  
shoulderblades. He SPINS and arches his back, trying to avoid  
her, but the blade catches his side. Marty loses his footing  
FALLS off the ladder a bone-breaking THUD.

Lily slowly climbs down.

LILY  
How many times can one man fall on  
his head?

MARTY  
A lot.

LILY  
Hey, you want to know a secret?

MARTY  
What's that?

LILY  
I know I'm not dreaming.

She slinks over to him. Circles him. Jagged knife in hand.

MARTY  
Then why...

Lily, with jet black hair and bloody hands, stands over him,  
like the angel of death. She seems strangely triumphant.

LILY  
It's a game, dummy. Like the old  
lady said. There's only one winner  
and nobody's giving out ribbons for  
being "nice."

MARTY  
It didn't have to end like this.  
The door would have opened... for  
both of us.

Behind Lily's back, the MASSIVE OBJECT reemerges. Marty  
recognizes it as a rotating HYPERCUBE...

LILY  
(shrugging)  
Maybe. I guess we're never going to  
find out.

Marty's eyes widen. He starts to point at the emerging machine, to WARN HER, but he decides against it...

MARTY  
(sadly)  
I guess not.

All at once the woman is caught in the rotating cubes of the tesseract. She screams as she is flipped and folded and broken into dozens of separate parts. There is a resonant tone like a church organ.

As the hypercube turns inside out, so does she. Her flesh and bone stretching in and out of the 4rth dimension, like taffy on a spinning wheel.

Then the tesseract folds into a SINGLE CUBE, her now 2-dimensional body painted on the surface.

Then it turns into a SQUARE, spinning like a postage stamp in the high wind. Then it shrinks to a LINE, twirling like a baton. Then a POINT.

Her screams end as the point disappears.

INT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL SEVEN - ROOM 8

Marty crawls wearily through the last door.

He finds himself in an enormous grey metal room. The walls seem to be curved so that it is difficult to gauge its dimensions.

Marty looks behind him and the door is no longer there. The walls become hazy. Marty is unsteady on his feet as he takes a few steps forward...

INT./EXT. HYPERCUBE - LEVEL EIGHT/SEASHORE - DAY

As the walls fade away Marty finds himself surrounded by mist. There is sand beneath his feet. The sound of seagulls and rolling waves. His shirt is soaked with blood.

The white disk of the sun is just visible through the clouds. He takes a few steps forward and disappears into the haze.

FADE TO BLACK.